FILE

THE LIVING AGE

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The World in Review

In This Number:

Live and Let Live!	*J. L. Garvin*
Don Quixote's Villages	*Mikhail Koltsov*
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My People and the Japanese	*Dr. Hu Shih*
Coronation Nightmare	*E. M. Forster*
Pochini and Tamburini	*Aldo Palazzeschi*

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Current Developments in Housing

EDITED BY

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AND

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is the March 1937 issue of

THE ANNALS

Within this volume of 285 pages will be found practically every shade of opinion, presented by people who are widely recognized as authorities on the subject. Some of the vital questions discussed are:

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Is private enterprise best fitted to solve the housing problem?

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How can new buildings be made better at lower cost?

Is rural resettlement doomed to failure?

Is cheap land cheapest in the end?

Has the American craze for gadgets defeated the aims of better housing?

How can land be improved without acquisition?

What are the proper limits respectively of private and public housing undertakings?

Will transplantation reduce the death, sickness and delinquency rates of slum populations?

Has city-planning fallen into the hands of shortsighted administrators?

How is the housing market affected by current industrial changes?

Is the probable population growth a true measure for housing plans?

What experiences in British and European housing are valuable for us to know?

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AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

WHEN J. L. Garvin, editor of the London *Observer*, unburdens himself of one of his famous editorial articles in which he readjusts frontiers and rearranges political alignments to his heart's content, even those who abhor his Tory viewpoint take notice. These editorials are usually the subject of leading editorials in other newspapers, although he is not an 'officially inspired' commentator like Virginio Gayda of the *Giornale d'Italia*, or the anonymous persons who write the editorials in the *Times*, the *Angriff*, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, *Izvestia* and *Pravda*. The reason is not only that Mr. Garvin expresses the views of an influential wing of the Conservative party which has often determined the course of British foreign policy, but also because he has established a remarkable record for political realism since the war. He has forecast more accurately than any other prophet the outcome of crises in foreign affairs during that period. In his article 'Live and Let Live!,' which we reprint in this issue, he looks into the future and suggests a course for British policy that is based on the brass tacks of imperialist politics.

We must admit that the patron saint of the European chancelleries is not Woodrow Wilson but Machiavelli. And however much we resent the redoubtable Garvin's cynicism, and especially his eagerness to sacrifice democratic Czechoslovakia to Germany, we must hear his argument. [p. 196]

THE accounts of expert journalists on conditions behind the lines in Spain are often more interesting than reports from the front. We have translated one of these 'sidelights' on the struggle by Mikhail Koltsov, one of Russia's ablest correspondents, who went to Spain as correspondent for *Pravda*. He visits El Toboso, the home village of Don Quixote, and the nearby village of Don Fadrique, about sixty miles inside the Government lines. El Toboso secretly sympathizes with the Insurgents, while Don Fadrique is wholeheartedly supporting the Loyalists. Koltsov paints a vivid picture of life in the two villages, where the romantic traditions of the Cervantes country have been clouded by the realities of civil war. [p. 201]

IF OUR group of articles on Germany in this issue is unfavorable to the Nazi régime, the Nazis themselves are to blame. The depressing effects of the censorship become increasingly apparent in the inability or unwillingness of German journalists to praise the régime intelligently. The first article, from a confidential source in Germany, reveals what has happened to the press since Hitler came to power [p. 207]; the second [p. 212], from a Nazi critic of corruption within the party, charges that the Nazi leaders, who were poor until 1933 and who have since received only modest salaries, have been spending millions of marks for mansions and country estates. In this respect, of course, the Nazi leaders are doing no more than corrupt politicians in other countries we might name. We have translated the article, which is undeniably of the 'mud-slinging' sort, because the ostentation of Nazi officials has become a scandal even in Germany. The last article in the group, by Jules Sauerwein, foreign editor of the *Paris-Soir*, exposes the hypocrisy of well-to-do Nazis with regard to 'one-dish-dinners' which all good Germans are supposed to eat one day each week. [p. 214]

HANNEN SWAFFER, author of the article 'Pittances for Genius,' is the veteran columnist and dramatic critic of the London *Daily Herald*. He calls the roll of

(*Continued on page 281*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

May, 1937 *Volume 352, Number 4448*

The World Over

FOR MORE THAN SIX MONTHS Europe in miniature—as the International Non-Intervention Committee—has been gathered around the table in the Locarno Room of the British Foreign Office in an attempt to isolate the Spanish Civil War. There have been present all Europe's interests, her feuds and her alliances. Continual deadlocks, bitter recriminations and even invitations from one delegate to another to settle disputes in the corridor for a long time obscured the tremendously constructive task that the Committee was trying to achieve. Out of the tortuous sessions has come at last the completed plan for a neutral cordon around Spain which should lead to further coöperative efforts to bring peace to the Peninsula.

The most immediately desirable of these is an agreement among the Control Powers to repatriate their nationals from the Insurgent and Loyalist armies. When that has been done, the struggle will be more strictly confined to the Spaniards themselves; mediation by the Powers, aided by eminent neutral Spaniards, can then be attempted with some hope of success. The Loyalists, or at least the vast majority of them, are not Communists; nor are the Spanish Insurgents really Fascists. The infusion of irreconcilable elements into the conflict therefore created an artificial situation. This is not to deny that there are great points at issue between the Spanish factions, but only to emphasize that their

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differences have been exaggerated and thrown out of focus by foreign meddling and foreign propaganda. A compromise will not be reached without difficulty, but with honest mediation on the part of the Powers one can be found.

If the International Control Plan operates successfully, it will become a precedent of incalculable value in the handling of future European civil wars and possibly even of wars between smaller Powers. Not only a method but also a machinery will be ready for use with little alteration. Forged in the heat generated by conflicting interests the Control Plan should be a more practical instrument for preserving peace than any number of general pacts which are founded on nothing more substantial than international ethics.

THERE HAVE BEEN happier coronations in British history than the one which will take place in Westminster Abbey on May 12, but none more expensive. The *National Zeitung* of Basel has listed the cost of the last five coronations: George IV, in 1821, £238,238; William IV, in 1831, £42,298; Victoria, in 1838, £64,421; Edward VII, in 1902, £193,000; and George V, in 1911, £185,000. The crowning of George VI and Elizabeth will cost the taxpayers £524,000. This unprecedented ostentation is part of a vigorous campaign to overcome the British public's lack of enthusiasm or 'Coronation resistance,' as it might be called. An Anglican magazine attempts to jolt its readers out of their ennui in this curious way:—

> We say quite frankly that any man who doesn't come to church and say his prayers at the Coronation has the intellect of a rabbit and the emotions of a caterpillar.

PREMIER BLUM and his Popular Front Government in France continue to avoid one pitfall after another, and the Premier himself grows in political stature as he overcomes his problems with statesmanlike poise and wisdom. Judging from his recent speeches, he seems determined to be the Premier of all France and not just the leader of the Popular Front. Some of his measures, such as his promise of a 'pause' in reform, his refusal to take sides after the Clichy riot and his firm observance of the non-intervention pact in regard to the Spanish Civil War, have made his extremist supporters restless. Nothing Blum might do, of course, could reconcile the French Right to his being in office at all; while temporarily reassured, French conservatives believe that he is shrewdly biding his time before undertaking a sweeping program of nationalization. His maintenance in power depends, however, on the support of the Radical Socialists and they approve his recent policies.

The financial plight of the government, which for a time threatened

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its downfall, has been relieved by rising tax collections and by the success of the National Defense Loan of 8 billion francs. The latter was not surprising because it was a patriotic loan which was supported by appeals from the President of the Republic, the Cardinal of Paris, the War Minister and the presidents of the Chamber and Senate. It was also offered on favorable terms; but its immediate oversubscription and influence in repatriating French capital that had been sent abroad were very welcome to the Popular Front.

A French political tradition holds that except in time of extreme national crisis a strong Premier and a strong government are bad for the country. Good democracy, according to this tradition, consists in never letting a Ministry feel sure of itself, in making it fight hard for every measure, in keeping its votes of confidence close. It is supposed to be a point of national honor to contest the Government's budget strenuously, item by item. Traditionalists have not been pleased by the Popular Front's unity in the Chamber, by the speed with which it passed Finance Minister Auriol's budget, by the size of Premier Blum's majorities.

This is admittedly a unique period in French politics, but it is also, in the opinion of the Left, a period of crisis in which France needs a strong government. At present the Popular Front seems assured of celebrating its first anniversary in office on June 16th.

'I PRESS the first valve down and the money goes round and round. . . Ja, Ja, and it comes out here.' This, according to the Financial Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, is a good paraphrase for what Dr. Hjalmar Schacht says in his report of Reichsbank operations during 1936. The German financial wizard continues to confound the economists who have predicted German bankruptcy almost daily for more than three years. He performed a miracle in 1923 by halting inflation almost overnight; he has performed a second miracle since 1933 by creating and controlling inflation, and thus providing the Nazi régime with the means to pay for its colossal expenditures on armaments and public works.

The methods by which Dr. Schacht created billions of marks in credit for German industry belong in some fourth-dimensional field of economics and will not be dealt with here. But his method of controlling this inflation is of special interest, and we give the explanation of the *Manchester Guardian's* expert:—

> According to economic textbooks the distribution of all this bank credit by way of rent, wages, and profit long in advance of any output of consumable goods should have occasioned a consumers' scramble for what goods there were, and thus a raising of prices and a speculative hoarding of goods which would have ended in checking the whole business expansion. How has Dr. Schacht impeded this? In the first place—and here he has succeeded by standing for a régime with

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boundless powers over the 'economic man,' the citizen—by recapturing, almost as soon as expended, a large part of the incomes distributed by the inflation, recapturing them partly by taxation at every point, partly by forced or semi-forced long term loans. In the second place the rush for goods, the raising of prices, the speculative hoarding have been stopped by sheer force of law and despotism. Thus the expenditure of millions and milliards of extra bank money has added to nobody's, or at any rate not to the average man's, ability to consume. More work is being done, no more material reward is being granted. The economist's forecasts have been frustrated because, for good or for ill, Germans have not been allowed to spend their money to their own best advantage, as economists have always assumed.

NO MORE THAN AN OUTLINE of Poland's plan to adopt the totalitarian ideal has been officially announced. In general, the plan resembles Fascist and National Socialist models and aims: 'to concentrate the will of the nation on national defense. To this end all vain and demoralizing discussion, all divergencies of doctrine, of exaggerated individualism, and of political strife, must be forgotten.' Colonel Adam Koc, who devised the plan at the instance of Marshal Rydz-Smigly, took account of Poland's large minorities by pledging that their individuality would be respected 'in so far as it does not run counter to the interests of the State.' The *Berliner Tageblatt* writes of the project:—

It seems that all the national minorities will be divided into three categories. The Slav minorities (Russians excluded) belong to the first. Poland will behave toward them as an elder sister and will promote their cultural liberties. To the second category belong the Jews. They are looked upon as a friendly non-political body and the Polish State will endeavor to solve their problem by facilitating the emigration of the surplus. The Germans and the Russians belong in the third category. Their loyalty is questionable.

While it is too early to pass judgment on Poland's experiment, it is possible to forecast that if the principle of totalitarianism is put into effect with success, it cannot be done without inflicting great injury upon the country's 11,000,000 non-Poles. It should also be pointed out that the principle has heretofore succeeded only in countries which have been controlled by disciplined, semi-military political organizations. Poland lacks this important element.

SOVIET EFFORTS to stimulate the birth-rate are not so well-known as those in Germany and Italy, but they appear to be far more successful. The Russian drive for population is of recent origin, for it was decided only last summer to take steps to insure a more rapid growth. Divorce was made harder and abortions, which had been legalized and widespread, were banned. Large families were encouraged by an announcement that the Government would pay a bonus of $400 a year for five years for each child after the sixth, and $1,000 a year for the same peri-

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od for each child after the tenth. At the same time the appropriation for maternity and child welfare was increased from $160,000,000 to $425,000,000. The program is expected to double the birth-rate this year.

Professor Burdenko, a famous Moscow authority, asserted before the recent Congress of Soviets that Russia's population would reach 300,000,000 in 1962. And Dr. R. R. Kuczynski, one of the world's greatest experts on population questions, told the British radio audience in March that if the present rate of natural increase continues Russia will have a population of 650,000,000 by the year 2000.

THE FIRST HALF of India's new Constitution, which establishes provincial autonomy, went into effect on April 1st with no more than minor disorders. There was gloom in official circles, however, and defiance in the All-India Congress party. The Congress, after winning majorities in the legislatures of six Provinces in the February elections, finally decided in the Delhi Resolution of March 18th to take office if assured that the Governors of the Provinces would not use the 'special powers' with which the Constitution endows them. The Governors, of course, could not legally give such assurance and the Congress leaders refused to form governments.

Mr. Gandhi, who has never really retired from politics, framed this resolution, and by doing so seems to have betrayed his conservative followers, who are understood to be willing to take office in order to initiate much-needed economic and social reforms. The Pandit Nehru, leader of the Congress Left Wing, is delighted at the course of events because he desires to stall the legislative machinery, wreck the Constitution and force Great Britain to permit the holding of an Indian constitutional convention. The British Government and parliamentary majority, however, feel rather generous about their treatment of India, and are far more likely to regard the Delhi Resolution and the refusal to take office as proof of the irresponsibility of the Indian Nationalists. No one can predict when or how the present deadlock will be broken, although meetings between Gandhi and the Viceroy, the Marquess of Linlithgow, have been suggested. The legislatures are not to meet until the fall, and since the Congress invariably has difficulty in making up its mind on important questions, there may be no solution for several months.

CHINESE JOURNALISTS have long memories where Japan is concerned and they have been frankly skeptical about the 'new' Japanese policy of friendliness toward China. In Europe and America we know that for the past five years the Japanese have had two foreign policies: that of the Foreign Office and that of the Army. The Chinese are still more acutely aware of this duality. A significant admission that the

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duality exists was made recently by Premier Hayashi himself when he told the Diet that what he sought was not 'unified' diplomacy but 'solid front' diplomacy. Chinese commentators expect that the 'solid front' will be dominated by the Army to China's continued detriment.

Editorials in the Chinese press are virtually unanimous in their disbelief on Japanese good-will. The independent *Shun Pao* of Shanghai, for example, declares that since China has been unified the Japanese have found it necessary to change their tactics but not their fundamental policy on the continent. This influential organ concludes that:—

> If Japan sincerely desires to change her policy, she must first abolish her illegal organizations in North China, return the North-Eastern Provinces and then discuss the readjustment of Sino-Japanese relations and Sino-Japanese economic coöperation.

The *China Evening News*, a Kuomintang organ was even more critical of Foreign Minister Sato's conciliatory speeches:—

> We must not overlook Mr. Sato's desire to let bygones be bygones. In other words, Mr. Sato wants us to talk no more about Formosa, Korea, Manchuria and North China, and says that if China demands the recovery of her lost territories it means that China is not ready to start negotiations with Japan anew on the basis of equality and of letting bygones be bygones.
>
> Japan is trying to deceive China by a smoke-screen of peace. So long as the fundamental objective of Japan remains the same, there can be no change in Sino-Japanese relations, no matter who Japan's foreign minister may be. It is a mistake to regard Mr. Sato's speech as an epoch-making address.

The Chinese have been disabused so often that they cannot be blamed for meeting all Japanese advances with the old precept about action speaking louder than words. They can hardly pay much attention to expressions of friendship when daily they witness the military and economic penetration of North China by the Kwantung Army and Japanese capital.

We shall know more about Japan's real intentions soon after the elections of April 30th. Mr. Sato has thus far been an excellent and conciliatory Foreign Minister in Western eyes, not only for his China policy but also for his apology to Great Britain over the beating of British sailors in the Keelung Affair. Yet his experience has been almost wholly in Europe and there are already grounds for believing that the Army leaders feel that he does not possess the necessary 'realism' to deal with China.

'EUROPE'S DICTATORS are secret millionaires,' writes a special correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* who has collected some interesting material on the subject:—

> Inquiries by international observers regarding the salaries paid to Mussolini, Hitler and other dictators have revealed that although their official pay may be

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small, they are 'salting away' huge private fortunes. Mussolini's official salary as Premier amounts to $5,250. He draws no pay from his four other Ministerial posts. But he has many financial irons in the fire, for he is the sole proprietor of the newspaper *Popolo d'Italia*, which has a vast sale and steep advertising rates; he owns large farms and gets paid the highest sums in Italian journalism for any articles he writes. His speeches are printed in book form and it is not considered wise in Italy to refrain from buying the Duce's latest works.

Hitler's salary is about $20,000 a year, but he does not draw the money, being content to live on his private income. His fortune can certainly compete with Mussolini's, for Hitler is a partner in the Franz Eher Verlag, the publishing house of the Nazi Party.

The income he derives from this business enterprise has never been disclosed, but it must run into formidable figures as his book, *Mein Kampf*, sells by the millions. He may also take comfort in the knowledge that his royalties will never fall off, for every newly-married couple must buy a copy. The *Pariser Tageszeitung*, a German-language daily edited by Georg Bernhard, formerly editor-in-chief of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, estimates Hitler's royalties on the basis of sales reported in the *Buchhändler-Börsenblatt*, the German booksellers' trade organ:—

More than 2½ million copies of the German edition of *Mein Kampf* have so far been sold, 93 per cent of which were published after January 30, 1933. The first volume, dictated to Hitler's friend and secretary, Rudolf Hess, in the Landsberg Prison in 1924, appeared in 1925 and sold about 10,000 copies. The complete edition was published in two volumes in 1926 and 23,000 copies were sold. A one-volume edition was published in 1929 and sold about 192,000 copies up to January 30, 1933, but from January to October of that year the sale exceeded 1,200,000 copies. Since then the figure has again been doubled.

Assuming that Hitler received a 15 per cent royalty, the first and second editions, which were priced at 12 marks each brought him about $40,000. And the 1929 edition, which was sold at 8 marks and later reduced to 7 marks 20 has brought him royalties amounting to about $1,100,000.

These estimates do not, of course, include Hitler's royalties from the translations. Thus far *Mein Kampf* has been translated and published in abridged form in Great Britain, the United States, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, Turkey, Spain, Portugal and in Arabic. An unabridged French edition also appeared, but Hitler succeeded in having it withdrawn on the ground that it had not been authorized. The real reason was the presence in the original of sharp anti-French passages which he had later retracted. Since then the copies that were already in circulation have been passed from hand to hand.

The salaries paid to other dictators are: To Stalin, $3,000; to Dr. Schuschnigg of Austria, $5,700; and to Marshal Rydz-Smygly of Poland, $11,400.

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An influential British Tory editor offers a plan for 'permanent' peace.

LIVE *and* Let Live!

By J. L. GARVIN

From the *Observer*
London Independent Conservative Sunday Newspaper

THOSE who reiterate dead formulas, stiff pedantries and blank negatives are drifting toward inescapable war and another catastrophe of nations. Nothing on earth can prevent it but fresh minds, liberated action and reformed policy. The methods and catch-cries of the last three years have only led through flagrant fiascos of purpose to the climax of armaments. The same methods and catch-cries, with the ignorant belligerency of emotion they repeatedly excite, can lead to nothing but the explosion of armaments.

Anglo-German relations are the crux of the world. They contain the Either-Or which will assuredly determine for weal or woe the destinies of this epoch of humanity. These two peoples were natural allies through many generations. There has been but one war between them. Their agreement, if possible, to live and let live, thrive and let thrive, would perpetuate the peace of at least the larger part of civilization. Their renewed grapple for life and death would convulse the whole. Because they have had one fearful war, are they to have another? And yet another in a Punic series?

The original causes of the last struggle between the British and the German peoples have been removed or superseded. For what new causes should we contemplate a new conflict? Two reasons are given. We are told that by a suicidal increase of our commitments we should guarantee the huge Soviet power against Germany; and join Russia no less in guaranteeing the whole bad *status quo* in Eastern Europe. It is also said that the eastern entanglements of France, and especially the recent Soviet Pacts—though we are nominally no party to any of them—will drag us inevitably into another war with Germany whether we like it or not.

These are monstrous hypotheses and intolerable propositions. They rest on the theory that, at all risks, we must block Germany in the east and all round, because if triumphant against

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Russia, or more powerful along the Danube, she would turn with redoubled and ruthless energy upon the Western nations, including ourselves.

These horrific visions are more like the fantasies of Bedlam than the judgments of sanity. There is no possibility of facile and unlimited conquest by Germany *nach Osten* even in alliance with Japan on the other side. The conditions have totally changed since the Führer wrote *Mein Kampf*. Stretching across two continents, with 8,000,000 square miles of territory, immense natural resources, and a multiplying population, which already numbers no fewer than 180,000,000, the Soviet Empire, as it should be truly called, has become a colossal Power in arms. This was admitted and proclaimed recently by the Russian Ambassador in London. Mr. Maisky hymned the Communist despotism over a sixth of the earth as the mightiest force in the world, well capable already of coping with Germany on one frontier and Japan on the other. For defense, at least, this clanking Russia of today, which in reality cares only for itself, is well able to take care of itself, without seeking double insurance at our own ruinous cost.

II

Let Russia further reinforce her own safety by renouncing Komintern mischief in other countries and ceasing to play with fire. Why should we destroy Western civilization and ourselves by blind mutual strife among the nations on this side of Europe only to promote Bolshevik hegemony? Why? It is a preposterous suggestion. It would encourage Russia, the French Left, and the Eastern clients of Paris and Moscow to make at some pinch a war from which they otherwise would shrink. It is agreed among us that we never shall aid the Nazi Reich to dismember Russia. Then balance the scales. The idea that we 'may' interfere the other way, merely to uphold this enormous Soviet Empire against the straitened German Reich and race must be cut right out of British policy. Our people will never stand for it and would sweep away any Government that did.

The Germans, and they know it, would have a slow and hazardous task, to say the least, in trying to invade Russia. The two countries are widely separated by *other* territories. Without a full alliance for the purpose with Poland and Rumania, that invasion would not be a physical possibility. It could not be attempted without large changes in the intermediate territories. If it were ever undertaken the thing and its consequences would keep German hands full for years. Contrary to the melodramatic theory, the Reich could not turn on the West. It would mean the certainty of ruin by a universal coalition. For neither Italy nor Japan would go beyond a certain point with Berlin; nor help the Germans to dominate and wield the whole Russian system and its resources; nor sacrifice themselves to create an absolute German supremacy nor anything like it.

Those who imagine that we must rush at once into any conflagration that bursts out in Eastern Europe are ignorant of historic precedents and the practical working of statesmanship in Cabinets. That is not how it is done.

Any such conflagration *might* spread to this side of Europe for reasons neither to be foreseen nor controlled by Britain. That contingency would

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have to be recognized at once. Grave steps would have to be taken to provide against any emergency. The process would be as follows. Parliament, if not sitting, would be immediately called. The country would be placed on a war-footing, whether to guard our right of abstention with safety, or for intervention if compelled. British statesmanship should work to form the widest League of Armed Neutrality. That League would seek to limit and shorten any Eastern conflict between Germany and the Soviet Power. Armed neutrality—pretty certain to mean an increasing combination in that sense—would become inevitably the final arbiter of the struggle and would impose on the settlement the restraints demanded by the world's general interest.

In accordance with our history and proper temperament, this would be a far more powerful and sure policy than any blind rush into war which, instead of limiting an Eastern conflagration, would cause it to wrap the world. Remember that a sound foreign policy is a matter of management. It is incompatible with excited impulse.

III

It is life and death for us to tell France that, while the pledge for mutual defense against direct and unprovoked aggression is inviolable, she must not for one moment count on us to support her Soviet Pacts or any other of her distant commitments. We cannot stake the British Empire for Czechoslovakia or any other part of the malformed *status quo* in Eastern Europe. On that issue the Empire, or most of it, would decline to be staked.

If the vast Soviet Power is to subsist and grow as at present, its giant scale and armaments will dwarf all its neighbors if they remain separate. For the interests of Western civilization the counterpoise and bulwark at need will be required a few years hence not against Germany but against the Red Czardom which stretches from the Baltic Sea to the Pacific Ocean.

That counterpoise and bulwark can be created only by the reconstruction and federation of 'Middle Europe' under German headship. So far from opposing this or dreaming of plunging into futile war against Germany, we should favor it and promote it. To seek to keep the German race, with its bursting vitalities, pent up more narrowly than any other in its present confines; to join in blocking that race landward and seaward and all round; to leave it no option but to fight out and win greater scope by dint of arms —this, from any sane British standpoint, would be both a blunder and a crime. Neither we nor any other Power can give Herr Hitler in advance 'a free hand' eastward for unlimited or arbitrary purposes. But neither should we join in trying to bind him hand and foot in the wide region where large changes will have to be made by federal reorganization under German leadership.

If Europe's new and greater Eastern Question is understood in this spirit of live and let live, the present growing danger of another Anglo-German war can be arrested and swept away. In that case the whole world may yet be stabilized and rationalized by a new kind of coöperation between the Powers working partly with and partly through a reformed and enlarged League.

As we said at the outset, all the

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former causes of Anglo-German conflict are removed or removable. The German naval plan, formidably designed forty years ago, threatened our maritime existence. That alone forced the total breach between the two peoples who, till then, had felt historically akin and had been allies so often. The old naval feud is dead unless we, in our turn, force its revival by supporting a Continental policy to hem in the German race all round.

But, it will be asked, what about air security? The answer is plain. By the Soviet Pacts France and Russia have compelled Germany to aim at a two-Power standard of air force. It is not aimed primarily at us. But it is there; and in certain contingencies, if we go on as we do, it could act as easily westward as in other directions. Only a reformed policy can offer any change in limiting winged armaments and stabilizing their proportions. Meanwhile, Britain and France together have the population and resources of all kinds to match and over-match any air standard that Germany can create. It is their business to do it. If they fail it is their own and not Germany's blame, while the Soviet Pacts threaten her from two sides.

But these circumstances should above all make for settlement, not mutual murder. The idea of war for air security is about the most grimly ludicrous delusion in the records of human folly.

What then of our bounden obligations to our nearest neighbors? But for the German violation of Belgium in 1914 it might have been impossible to bring a united Britain into the last war. Does any proper cause for new war remain in that respect? Not a vestige.

Belgium, under pressure from the majority of her people, and especially from the Flemish part of her two races, insists upon returning to neutrality and keeping altogether out of war which would pound her to pieces. She must. She has no choice. Her internal cohesion depends on it. But the same wish squares with German interests under the transformed strategical conditions of the air age. Herr Hitler offers an absolute guarantee of Belgian neutrality, as well as of Holland and Switzerland. It is the plainest possible duty of Britain and France to accept that guarantee and endorse it. In this way another of the former causes of war would be completely eliminated.

Next, what of France and a new Locarno? There is no possibility of the latter while the Soviet Pacts persist. In no circumstances will or can Herr Hitler concede privileged security to France on one side of Europe while the anxious complications of her policy threaten his own security on the other side. No new Locarno on these topsy-turvy terms. How could any clear mind expect it? But Herr Hitler will renew his repeated offers to guarantee the integrity and peace of France if France ceases the hopeless attempt to have it both ways, and abandons the plan of trying to hold Germany in a vise by the Eastern policy which we have examined and refuted in the earlier part of this article.

IV

Then what remains? The colonial issue? It is at a temporary deadlock. Not for a moment do we under-estimate it. We know too well all its thorny bearings on both sides. The complex difficulties now of undoing much that was misdone with short-

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sight and crudity by the exaggerated war treaties—that, too, we know. But we utterly protest against the blank negatives to any and every proposal of revision and concession within the practicable limits.

The *Observer*, we may recall, is not simply entitled by its record to enter that protest, but is bound to make it. We did not share the short-sight of 1919. We did not desire the avoidable addition of a single square inch to the pre-War extent of the British Empire, already prodigious far beyond all parallel. We did not desire, whether on moral or practical grounds, to excommunicate the German race alone in the colonial sphere and to subject it for all time to a singular exclusion by contrast with the British, French, Italians, Dutch, Belgians, Spaniards, not to speak of the Russians (who have their immense colonies inside!) or the Japanese who, in appropriating Manchuria, alone took over an area of half a million square miles with 30,000,000 people.

Unique German excommunication forever and everywhere in the colonial sphere—it will not do. Not if peace with reason is our genuine object. Since 1919 this journal has declined steadily to regard the Mandates without distinction as inalienable additions to the integrity of the British Empire proper. What the Dominions hold under coördinate sovereignty this mother-country cannot compel them to relinquish—could not if it would and would not if it could. No German challenge in that respect would be worth the candle or a candle-end.

For our part we must repeat what we declared long ago before the Nazis came into power. As one contribution to a sure and complete Anglo-German settlement—though on no other condition—we would return the Cameroons, Togoland, and Tanganyika. Enough to say that what we urge, though limited, would remove an acute moral irritant between the two peoples, and would be a substantial gain to Germany in some economic respects for which synthetic science cannot as yet provide. Paris was worth a mass of Henri Quatre. Peace is worth a little colonial retrocession. It would complete the constructive policy, end Anglo-German antagonism forever and bring a new spirit of settlement into the whole world.

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A Russian journalist visits the region which Cervantes made famous.

Don Quixote's Villages

By MIKHAIL KOLTSOV

Translated from *Pravda*
Moscow Official Communist Party Daily

WHITE-walled houses gleamed in the distance beyond undulating fields. That meant sleep, and rest for my bruised shoulder. Two peasant women wearing embroidered blouses and kerchiefs on their heads were walking toward us along the road. Another, also with a kerchief on her head, was riding on a donkey. It occurred to me that she might very well be the famous Dulcinea del Toboso, the adored lady of the unfortunate *Don Quixote;* after all, were we not in Lamancha and was not the village ahead of us the famous El Toboso of the Quintanar province, the birthplace of Cervantes's hero?

El Toboso gave us a gloomy, grudging reception. Its houses were small dark fortresses. The heavy church gates were adorned by a medieval lock and a poster bearing the words: 'The People's Granary for Anti-Fascist Wheat.' A long queue of women was filing into a grocery store where chocolate was being sold, a half a pound to a person. The village looked clean as if swept for Easter. In comparison with its cleanliness, Madrid seemed an enormous, dirty barrack.

The Alcalde, or Mayor, greeted us with cautious politeness. He was sitting by an enormous copper stove, from which wisps of smoke rose to the darkened beams. In the farther end of the low-ceilinged room I saw several peasants with pipes who were sitting on a stone bench under a shelf with old, yellowed papers. They listened silently to our talk. At first we touched on general and political topics. The Alcalde told me that while times were hard, the villagers of El Toboso were enduring them without complaint, and were heart and soul on the side of the Government. He himself was officially a Republican, but he was a Communist by conviction, although he also harbored some anarchistic ideas. When I asked him about his attitude to the Socialists, he said emphatically that he had always been a great admirer of that party. Besides, how could one be a Communist with-

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out being also a Socialist and a Republican?

Out of 2,500 inhabitants of El Toboso only 1,100 had participated in the February elections of last year. Two hundred of these voted for the Popular Front and the other nine hundred—here the Alcalde sighed—voted for the Right and the Fascist parties. When the Civil War first broke out, fifteen men were arrested and eleven fled. The others, according to the Alcalde, understood the error of their ways and at the present time, he assured me, the Government has no more faithful servants than the townsmen of El Toboso. Evidently this whole conversation was very embarrassing to the Alcalde. As we talked he first held his hands to the stove as if conscious of a chill; then he wiped sweat from his brow as if the room had suddenly become too warm for him. He frowned significantly and giggled roguishly and, on the whole, seemed quite relieved when our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a very young, very tall and very sad-faced girl.

'Here,' said the Alcalde animatedly, 'Here you have one of our many local Dulcineas. Once tourists used to come here, but now nobody comes to feast their eyes on her beauty.' I tried to behave like a gallant and cultured cavalier and assured the young lady that it had long been my dream to see her, whom the great Cervantes had made immortal. But the young beauty understood neither me nor the Alcalde. She had never read *Don Quixote*. She was illiterate, as were 90 per cent of the inhabitants of El Toboso and 40 per cent of Spain's entire population.

The girl had come to get a permit to buy a pound of meat for her sick father, the village tailor.

The Alcalde smiled gently. 'You know that I am not a doctor, and only a doctor could diagnose your father's illness and tell whether meat is good for him. When you, little one, bring me a doctor's permit, I will see to it that you get your meat.'

The girl curtsied and went away dejectedly. The Alcalde remarked that some of the villagers were very ignorant and he was constantly forced to explain these simple things to them. Then we passed on to the economic questions.

II

Most of the land around El Toboso belongs to the rich peasants and the petty landowners. There are very few farms here that do not employ at least three hired men. There were some big landowners, too, but all of them have gone over to the Fascists and their holdings, totaling around 200,000 hectares, had been confiscated by the community. These lands, the Alcalde told me triumphantly, were now organized into a kolkhoz.

'How many households are there in this kolkhoz?'

This the Alcalde could not tell us.

'Then who knows about it? Who runs it?'

From his somewhat vague answer I understood that the confiscated land was under the jurisdiction of a Popular Front Committee, which was made up of the representatives of all the local parties. Various details like work in the fields, the division of labor, the use of horses, etc. were arranged by the technical director, whose name the Alcalde could not remember.

We spent almost an hour looking for

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the technical director. He turned out to be a small man, very shrewd, and with an authoritative manner of speaking. His very first words made it clear to us that it was he and not the Popular Front Committee who ran the so-called kolkhoz in El Toboso. With the help of hired men and poorer peasants, and using the confiscated mules, agricultural implements and seed, he had already plowed up the fields and planted wheat, oats and barley in December and January. He fed the workers and their families, but very meagerly. At first, everybody got the same rations, but he had now introduced something like proportional payments.

'How often do the members of kolkhoz meet? Have they any administrative committee?'

The technical director explained to us that meetings were only called to discuss political questions. As for the technical questions, under which term he seemed to include almost everything, they were left entirely to him. He was unpleasantly surprised to learn from us that in the U.S.S.R. a kolkhoz means something entirely different.

I asked: 'Wouldn't it be better to divide the confiscated land among the poor peasants and the hired men, either as individuals or as groups?'

No, neither the Alcalde nor the technical director thought that was the thing to do. In the first place, they felt that the hired men and the poorer peasants would not be able to cultivate this land without help. But the main objection was that dividing the land was a risky and difficult business. After all, the Alcalde argued, it is easy enough to give the land away, but it would be mighty hard to get it back again. For that reason, the leading officials of El Toboso decided not to partition the confiscated lands until the war was over.

On my request we were shown over the collective's stables. It was a sturdy stone building. Thirty of the tallest mules I had ever seen were standing in their stalls. In one corner lay old-fashioned plows with short, blunt plowshares, the kind that one never sees in Russia any more. The grooms were watering the mules as we came in; they all took off their berets to the technical director. Altogether, we got an impression that we were visiting an estate of some rich landowner, left in the hands of a trusty steward while the master went abroad.

'And what do your people do after working hours? How do they amuse themselves?'

The Alcalde hesitated before answering: 'Well, you see, we always used to go to church. The young people, too; not because they were so religious, but more for the social contacts. In church boys and girls had a chance to look at each other and get acquainted. Now this is all over and there is no place where they can gather, so they stay home. We don't allow anybody to go out without a light. As for the old people, they go to sleep.'

The Alcalde led us to the local tavern. Under the awning, near the stone trough at which centuries ago Rosinante must have been watered many a time, there stood an automobile. Our hungry chauffeur was inside of the tavern by the cold hearth, surveying with a rueful grimace a taproom that was dimly lighted by a miserable little oil lamp.

But the Alcalde called the host to one side and whispered to him a few magic words that immediately trans-

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formed the dismal place. Soon a bright fire was roaring on the hearth and before long we saw a leg of lamb turning an inviting brown on the spit over the hot coals. It seems that meat could be obtained without the doctor's certificate in El Toboso after all. Besides the lamb, the host served such delicacies as the *aloja*, the heavily seasoned Spanish national broth and *morteruelo*, the famous Lamancha goose liver paste which can hold its own with the Strassburg product, not to mention an immense jug of the heady homemade wine.

For all this, as well as for the lighted fire and the night's lodging, mine host of El Toboso charged us an exorbitant price. We had to pay more than if we had stayed in the most expensive city hotel. But I must confess that it was the best supper I had in my six months' stay in Spain.

III

It is less than an hour's ride by motor from El Toboso to Villa de Don Fadrique. I believe it took Don Quixote a whole day to make the same journey. Tourists never go to Don Fadrique. There is nothing to see there: it is an ordinary village with ordinary houses, peasants, cattle and mills. But all Spain knows about Don Fadrique, whose peasants fought the Fascist landowners even in the days of the monarchy and Gil Robles's dictatorship. When the authorities forbade political meetings and closed the Assembly House, the villagers quietly threw out the policemen, and for two weeks offered armed resistance against two battalions of soldiers which were sent to punish them. The Fascist authorities were finally forced to negotiate. In the end, the Assembly House was opened. Not only have the villagers always defended their rights but they have also helped their neighbors. It was well known all over Quintanar that if the police or the landowners mistreated the peasants, the thing to do was to send immediately for the Don Fadrique boys. And the boys would come. They would teach the other villagers how to resist the Fascist oppression and even demonstrate how to do it.

Upon our arrival, we were surrounded by an animated crowd of old and young of both sexes. They wanted to know all about the Soviet Union, how people lived there, what the Russians think about the Spanish conflict, and whom they picked to win. In return they told us their own affairs, their worries and successes.

Don Fadrique has exactly as many inhabitants as El Toboso. But 400 men went to the front from Don Fadrique to El Toboso's six. Twelve had already given their lives for the Republic. Their names are written down on the black memorial scroll wreathed with green ivy.

Don Fadrique's peasants help to fight the Fascists in other ways. The village is sixty-three miles from Madrid. The Alcalde and the Popular Front Committee have organized a regular food supply transportation line to the besieged city. Every day two or three truckloads of bread, cheese, fodder, wine, vegetables and meat are sent to Madrid.

'How is it possible that you have enough meat? There isn't even enough for the sick in El Toboso.'

The villagers frowned at this.

'Oh, yes, there is! The only thing that is lacking there is honesty. In El

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Toboso they have as much meat as we, but the Committee allows people to hoard it, or else they sell it under cover —not to Madrid but to the east. They get better prices there. As for us, we have a strict rule: if anybody comes from the east to buy from us, we say that we have provisions but cannot sell them because they all go to Madrid. Nothing they say can change our minds. We pay no attention to any documents and still less to threats. But when the Madrileños come we already know what to do: we fill up the trucks and don't argue about the price. Besides, meat can be bought in the village shop.'

True enough, there is a neat little butcher shop in the main street where anybody can buy two kilos of mutton at any time. It is a branch of the local coöperative that sells food products or, currency being scarce, accepts them for sugar, coffee, matches and kerosene. The village also has a union of agricultural workers which includes hired men and the village artisans. This union has taken a part of the confiscated lands for its own use. The remaining 700 hectares were distributed among the poor peasants and hired men upon request.

'Temporarily we have adopted one rule,' they said. 'We give land to anybody who wants it. Let him cultivate it according to his ability and then sell the produce. Both the people and the army will benefit by such an arrangement. Afterwards, if necessary, we will reapportion the lands. At any rate as long as we have them we will use them.'

The hospitable villagers of Don Fadrique would not let us leave. A group of them conducted us all over the village, and showed us everything of note. Here they had erected a barricade against Gil Robles's gendarmes; here, Angel Cabrera, a blacksmith and a good comrade, had fallen in battle. This house had to be visited; a son was born yesterday to its owner and christened José José—twice José—in the honor of José Diaz and 'José' Stalin. In another house evening courses were being given for the illiterate by a Republican Senora.

The greatest pride of Don Fadrique is the old Assembly House, the same one for which the villagers had fought with the two battalions. It was built during the Monarchy. Everybody in the village had contributed something to the building—a stone, a log, or a windowpane. We found that it was a small building, somewhat like a barrack. It was unheated, with rows of wooden, unpainted benches inside. They now have another Assembly House; once it was a country club. It is very well constructed, with soft chairs and couches and all the comforts that could have been invented by the Provincial nabobs. But somehow the political meetings are always held in the old house.

'Why?'

'Because the old house has a more honorable history.'

IV

What a tremendous difference there is between these two villages which are only fifteen miles apart! In El Toboso we saw a hardly concealed enmity, continued sabotage of the Republic, ostentatious show of poverty in a really wealthy community, hoarding, and the exploitation of hired men and poorer peasants. It was a fake collective which really enabled

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its leaders to hold the estates intact in anticipation of their owners' return. In Don Fadrique we saw peasants engaged in an active and whole-hearted struggle against Fascism.

How account for this difference? Can it be that the population of El Toboso is richer than in Don Fadrique? I don't think so. In Don Fadrique there is a large percentage of rich peasants who own fifteen, thirty and even forty hectares of land, many head of cattle and large reserves of agricultural products. But even those well-to-do peasants supported the Government, sending their sons to the front and helping to feed the army. The explanation can be found in the work that has been done by the Republican parties. In Don Fadrique, the Socialists, Communists and other Republicans have been active for a long time. They explained to the peasantry where its interests lay, taught it to protect its rights from the encroachments of the Fascist landowners and at the same time inculcated into the villagers a healthy distrust for irresponsible extremists. As a result, the peasants know what they can expect from a democratic régime. They also know what to expect from Franco.

In El Toboso the Popular Front Committee is merely a hypocritical screen. The life of the peasants has been forced into narrow syndicalist limits. The real political work is carried on by the surviving Fascists lurking around the closed church and in the dark quiet houses.

El Toboso and Don Fadrique are two representative extremes among the villages. Between them there are all shades of village economy and village politics. The results of political work are apparent in every village, in every farm, in every peasant home. Where the parties have paid due attention to the village, guarding law, order and the interests of its inhabitants, the peasantry has responded with marvelous heroism and unselfishness. But where political work has been limited to formal administration, to requisitions and to the pasting up of propagandist placards on the walls, you find the people waiting to see who wins before they commit themselves whole-heartedly to one side or the other.

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Three critics of the Third Reich discuss Nazi press policy, corruption, and humbug about 'One-Dish-Dinners.'

Briefs *against* Nazism

I. Germany's Shackled Press

From the *Banker*, London Financial Monthly

[*The following report was secured by the* Banker *from a high, confidential source in Germany.* The Editors]

'THE newspaper regulations constitute a deprivation of liberty unheard of in German history.' This was the outspoken comment of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on the Emergency Decree of February, 1933, during the short transitory period between Hitler's accession to power and the General Elections in March of that year. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, no less incensed, described the new regulations 'as so vaguely defined that they can be applied to anything which seems unpleasant in the eyes of the authorities.' Nearly four years have passed since then, and today no German newspaper would dare to utter any criticism on what the Government is pleased to decree. Four years of education and discipline have taught the German editor to think as the Ministry of Propaganda wishes him to think.

The economic consequences of this suppression have been disastrous. Before Hitler came into power there were 4,703 newspapers published in Germany. After the first year of National-Socialist rule the number had fallen to 3,097. It will be recalled that newspapers connected with the Socialist and Communist parties were confiscated after the Reichstag had been burnt. These newspapers numbered 184. And if they are excepted, it can be seen that 1,422 non-party newspapers ceased publication in a single year.

In the absence of official German statistics the following figures, given in a letter to the London *Times* and compiled from records of the German *Institut für Zeitungskunde*, may be quoted. Of 348 weeklies appearing in Germany before 1933 more than a third closed down during that year. While 19,200 people were working on the editorial staffs of newspapers in 1932, only 5,341 were left at the end of 1933. The number of men employed in

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the printing trade dropped from 236,335 to 184,288 during the same period.

The German Revolution of 1933 was led by journalists. The leaders of the Nazi movement—Herr Hitler, Dr. Goebbels, Alfred Rosenberg and General Göring—were all newspapermen or connected with the press. From the very beginning the press played an essential rôle in the Nazi party. As early as 1923 Adolf Hitler, with the financial assistance of Dr. Hanfstaengl, acquired the somewhat obscure *Völkischer Beobachter*, which only a few months before had been bought by army interests. For many years Adolf Hitler's name appeared on the front page as editor. In 1925, after Herr Hitler had been released from prison and the ban on the Party and the *Völkischer Beobachter* had been lifted, the Leader entrusted the management of the paper to his old friend, Max Amann, who up to then had been treasurer of the Party and head of its publishing activities. It would be a mistake to assume that the Franz Eher Verlag, the company publishing the *Völkischer Beobachter* and Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, was a paying proposition at that time. So destitute was Herr Hitler in 1925 that a certain Herr Müller, who owned the printing plant of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, lent him the money to buy newsprint and to pay his weekly wages. Up to 1929 the circulation of the *Völkischer Beobachter* did not exceed 50,000.

The question, Who owns the Franz Eher Verlag? is never openly asked in Germany today. Before the revolution, however, it was common knowledge that Adolf Hitler and Max Amann shared the business between them. Konrad Heiden in his biography of the Führer states that Hitler once said to a party comrade: 'If I were able to make my living as editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, I should be perfectly happy.' The extraordinary interest which the Party leaders have always attached to the financial welfare of the Party press can be gauged from the fact that, in the first manifesto to Storm Troopers, canvassing for advertisers and subscribers was made a special duty.

II

Apart from the Party's chief organ, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, 119 other National Socialist papers, published by the regional Party organizations and supported from Party funds, existed in Germany before 1933. None of these was prosperous; indeed, most of them had only a small circulation and a very poor advertisement revenue. After Hitler's accession to power, therefore, Nazi policy was no less concerned with the task of improving the precarious financial position of its own press than with converting by all possible means everyone connected with newspaper work into 'soldiers of the new State.' The suppression, on March 29, 1933, of the Socialist and Communist press enabled the various Nazi newspapers to take over the property and up-to-date machinery of their former rivals. Even this, however, did not strengthen their position. For one thing, the number of official Nazi newspapers themselves increased from 119 to 379. And for another, the old readers of the Socialist press were naturally reluctant to acquire new habits.

Nor did the formerly democratic press and the hundreds of non-political

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papers gain from the annihilation of the Socialist press. After the political standardization had deprived the independent press of its individuality, readers went on strike. It is noteworthy that the only papers which prospered in the first months of the Nazi régime were thin sheets, published by outsiders, containing only news without comment, a cross-word puzzle and serial story. Sales of the independent press fell alarmingly.

Competition between the Nazi papers and the non-Party press grew even more intense as the market became restricted. But the Emergency Decree of February, 1933, supplied the authorities with a never-failing weapon against any newspaper. The first contravention of this law (for instance the 'spreading of news endangering vital interests of the State') entailed suspension for a month; the second, suspension up to six months. Under this decree the Berlin *Tempo* (Ullstein) was banned because a Stock Exchange report contained a few facts about the fall of German foreign loans. The Roman Catholic *Essener Volkszeitung* was suppressed because a question mark instead of an exclamation mark had been put by mistake after the headline: 'Hindenburg congratulates Hitler.'

In April, 1933, the *Dortmunder General-Anzeiger*, Germany's most prosperous provincial newspaper, published a portrait of Herr Hitler by a well-known artist. The edition was seized because the authorities stated that it had given the Führer's features a 'distorted expression suggesting vulgarity.' The offense against the Führer was used as a pretext for sending a detachment of Storm Troops to eject the old editorial staff by force and to declare the whole concern sequestrated. The next day the paper was printed on the same premises, but edited by the staff of the regional Nazi paper, the *Rote Erde*, which until then had struggled without success against the competition of the *General-Anzeiger*. In circumstances which were never disclosed, a contract of sale was executed between the former and present proprietors. According to the official German news agency the former publishers received 2,800,000 marks, a sum which amounted to little more than two years' profits. They contested the validity of the agreement and demanded an indemnity of 8,000,000 marks and annuities totaling 165,000 marks. The *Westfälische Landeszeitung*, a paper belonging to the same *Rote Erde*, commenting on this claim, wrote indignantly: 'Whoever supports the view that the 2,600 employees of the *Rote Erde* shall work for all time for the benefit of the former owners (of the *General-Anzeiger*) has forfeited the right of being connected with a German newspaper.' The German courts never handed down a decision on this case.

III

To escape the fate of the *Dortmunder General-Anzeiger*, the great publishing companies voluntarily overhauled their boards of directors and editorial staffs. It is almost true to say that any editorial slip which displeased the Party authorities and which resulted in the newspaper's suspension meant the entry of a new director who was supposed to be in favor with the Nazis. Often the newcomer's boast of close connection with the Ministry of Propaganda was proved incorrect and

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there followed a new ban. After June, 1934, however, the great Democratic papers came under entirely new ownership. The non-Aryan families of Ullstein, Lachmann-Mosse (*Berliner Tageblatt*) and Sonnemann-Simon (*Frankfurter Zeitung*) sold their shares. The Ullstein concern was acquired by the Franz Eher company, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* by the German Dye Trust and the *Berliner Tageblatt* by State-owned banks.

After the reorganization of the great newspaper concerns had made interference under the emergency decree impossible, the fight against non-Party papers took other forms. Gangs of Party members and Storm Troopers canvassed from door to door, using duress and intimidation to secure subscribers for the Party papers. That the breadwinner of the family would lose his job if he would not give up his paper and take the Nazi organ was the usual threat. These methods were applied so indiscriminately that they became a danger to concerns whose soundness was of vital importance to the labor market. A new law against canvassing by forcible means was therefore promulgated in January, 1934. But this law did not affect regulations issued by provincial authorities. Thus as late as March, 1935, Herr Schäfer, the editor of the well-known *Kölnische Zeitung*, was taken into 'protective custody' because he had given 'a distorted account of the canvassing methods applied by the Nazi *Westdeutscher Beobachter* in competition with his paper.' There remained, moreover, the obligation of every civil servant to subscribe to a Nazi paper and preferential treatment was accorded to the Party press in all official announcements.

After a period of comparative calm, a law of most far-reaching consequences was enacted in April, 1935. It was called the 'Law for the preservation of the independence of the German press.' Thanks to this measure it became possible to close down practically any newspaper which was not owned by Party interests. Among other stipulations, it prohibits joint-stock and limited-liability companies, coöperative societies, public bodies of any kind and organizations formed for professional or religious purposes from publishing newspapers. Furthermore, it compels newspaper publishers to report to the Reich Association of German Newspaper Publishers the names of all persons who have any interest in their concerns as individual shareholders. They must also prove the Aryan origin of each member of the board and of his wife back to the year 1800. And, finally, liquidation of a newspaper can be ordered if in the opinion of the Reich Press Chamber a certain market does not allow sufficient scope for two or more newspapers.

IV

What was the object of this law? Its first aim obviously was the extinction of the Roman Catholic press which had, until then, been in opposition to the Government, if only in the very restricted sphere of religion; 60 to 70 per cent of the Roman Catholic press was affected by one clause or another of the law. The provision excluding limited-liability companies, etc., from the ownership of newspapers was applicable to about 420 companies. Before May, 1935, the changes in the financial structure of

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the various companies were made necessary by the law. But the details of these changes have never been disclosed. Among those in danger were several newspapers of international repute, such as the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. After lengthy negotiations they have so far been exempted. But whether or not the exemption had to be bought has never become known. Max Amann, whose signature is attached to the decree, apart from being head of the Franz Eher publishing company, is the president of the Reich Press Chamber. The director of Germany's publishing house is thus authorized to make laws regarding the lives and property of his fellow publishers.

A new wave of compulsory liquidation was expected after this law had been passed in order to free the regional Nazi papers from their more prosperous competitors. For, after two years of the Hitler régime, the position of the Party press was still unsatisfactory, while the non-Party press, despite a heavy fall in circulation, remained profitable. The circulation of some of the independents had even tended to increase. Whereas between June and December, 1934, the circulation of the *Völkischer Beobachter* fell by about 24,000, that of the *Berliner Morgenpost* increased by about the same figure. It may be added that the circulation of the *Angriff*, Dr. Goebbels's mouthpiece, had fallen from 100,000 to 50,000 between the beginning of 1933 and the end of 1934. The *Angriff* became self-supporting only after it had absorbed *Der Deutsche*.

The advertising revenue of the Party papers could bear no comparison with that of the non-Party press which was free to accept advertisements from any quarter, Nazi or otherwise. But contrary to expectations, none of the large non-Party papers has disappeared since the promulgation of the Amann law. Still different tactics are now employed against them. A number of prosperous provincial newspapers, for instance, have been either entirely or partially acquired by a newly-created holding company known as 'Vera.' The following provincial papers—each of them the most prosperous in its district—have been taken over either entirely or in part by this concern (the circulation figures are for 1935):—

Münchener Neueste Nachrichten 94, 460
Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten 146, 134
Hamburger Fremdenblatt 110, 648
Bremer Nachrichten 56, 627
Frankfurter General-Anzeiger 96, 614

Furthermore, both the Huck and Girardet concerns which own widely circulating newspapers in different parts of Germany, have sold some of their interests to the company. Readers did not become aware of the change of ownership of their paper because its outer appearance and editorial staff remained on the whole untouched.

There is every reason to assume that the 'Vera' is in a position to enforce its terms. As under the Amann law none but Party interests can take the risk of acquiring a newspaper, the company which has to sell its shares can find no other purchaser. It is said that the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* was acquired for half the value placed on it by an independent accountant.

It is said that Herr Amann's motives in taking an interest in the non-Party press are purely selfish. That, however, can be dismissed. The ex-

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planation that the profits derived from the newly acquired and very prosperous papers are set aside for a Government Emergency Fund is much more plausible. Thus, in the newspaper field, as in other walks of economic life, the Government is acquiring control of an industry which was formerly one of the chief sources of individual wealth. The last vestiges of the once prosperous private newspaper industry are, therefore, being swallowed up by one single, huge State-controlled concern.

II. Nazis Feather Their Nests

Translated from the *Deutsche Revolution*, Prague Organ of the Black Front

[*The following article is taken from the Nazi Opposition organ of which Otto Strasser is the Editor. Strasser, who was one of Hitler's earliest followers, was excluded from the National Socialist Party before it gained power because he objected to Hitler's abandonment of his Socialist promises. Strasser then founded a party of his own, first under the title of the 'Revolutionary National Socialists,' then of the 'Black Front.' After Hitler seized power, Strasser emigrated to Prague.* The Editors]

TODAY there is no city, no village, no community in Germany which cannot boast of its own case of corruption among the local Nazi officials; there is no office in the Reich which has not been soiled through the affairs of some Nazi leader or other, and no official or semi-official or even private agency is unaffected by the corruption within the Nazi party. Such conditions were non-existent in pre-War Germany and rare in post-War Germany. They can be understood today only if one is aware of the method by which Hitler selected his leaders, a method in which selection was determined by defects rather than by virtues. As a matter of fact, Hitler went out of his way to appoint as party functionaries men of tainted character and no financial resources because such men would be totally dependent on him. When the impartial history of the National Socialist Party is written, one of its most shocking revelations will be the unscrupulousness with which Hitler conducted this 'negative selection.'

This explains but cannot excuse the shameless way in which the Nazi leaders are feathering their nests. These same people who in their early days pointed so persistently at petty corruption in the Weimar Republic are now living in the greatest luxury, while they tell the German people that higher wages and salaries are impossible. Yet their extravagance is made possible only by exploiting these same people.

The following report which we have received from a confidant in Nazi circles will give some idea of the extent of this extravagance:—

'Corruption in Bavaria and in the Reich at large by far transcends the scandalous Sklarek, Barmat, Böss, Kutisker affairs for which the liberal Weimar régime was severely denounced. The activities of Christian Weber, high municipal official, are the gossip of Munich. His latest feat was to install bus transportation in Munich, but not until he had acquired all the filling stations from which the fuel for the

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buses had to be purchased. This man, who is feared even by Hitler himself, is expected to become Mayor of Munich in the near future. His fortune is now believed to amount to many millions.

'The four Müncheners who come next to him in income are the publisher Max Amann, who is the director of the Franz Eher Publishing House, of which Chancellor Hitler is a "straw" partner; Dr. Robert Ley, the leader of the Labor Front; Franz Xaver Schwarz, the Reich treasurer; and Heinrich Hoffmann, who holds a monopoly on the entire photographic business of the Party.

'Amann had a great villa built for himself in St. Quirin near the Tegernsee in Bavaria. It has forty-five rooms and an escalator and cost him two and a half million marks. Dr. Ley is at present building a villa in Harlaching, the cost of which will exceed 1,000,000 marks. He is also the owner of an elegant apartment in Bogenhausen. Because of his outstanding public services, Dr. Ley has received tax exemption. This was made public by accident and spread through Munich like fire.

'Heinrich Hoffmann, the photographer, has extensive holdings in real estate and a new mansion near Hitler's Munich residence.

'Heinrich Himmler, Chief of Staff of the Special Guards and Head of the Gestapo, purchased a villa belonging to a former opera star in the vicinity of Amann's property in St. Quirin. The price he paid for it was 79,000 marks.

'Reich Minister Rudolf Hess owns a villa in Harlaching that is protected by a special guardhouse. Everyone who enters the estate is detected and announced by an electric-eye system.

'Dr. Wilhelm Frick, the Minister of the Interior, has purchased a castle on the Starnbergersee and he also has a luxurious apartment in Munich. The castle, remodeled several years ago, was appraised at nearly 4 million marks in 1926.

'Julius Streicher, publisher of the notorious *Stürmer*, bought a famous old palace hear Nuremburg after Hitler had barred him from establishing himself in Munich.

'Baldur von Schirach, Reich Youth Leader, is at present building a villa in Urfeld on the Walchensee at a cost of 60,000 marks. One night someone posted a sign on the building lot asking: "How did you get the 60,000 marks?" Schirach offered a reward of 1000 marks for the apprehension of the culprit. The next night there was another poster asking: "How did you get the 61,000 marks?"

'Eva Braun, assistant to Hoffmann, is already well known in Munich as a special friend of Hitler's. Last year she moved into a new villa which is located in the neighborhood of Hoffmann's and Hitler's estates. A car driven and accompanied by Special Guards invariably calls for her.

'These are only a few examples. The brazen manner in which this luxury is flaunted has caused deep resentment in Bavaria. The other Nazi leaders do not lag behind the Bavarians even if their properties may not be quite so substantial.

'For instance, Lutze, the Chief of Staff of the Storm Troops, owns a villa in the Berlin suburb of Lichterfelde. It is constantly guarded by a sentry, whose task it is to prevent anyone from taking pictures of the

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house. Goebbels is the owner of a sumptuous palace in Hermann Göring-Strasse in Berlin. He is also believed to have spent 300,000 marks for a villa in Schwanenwerder that formerly belonged to the industrialist Jacob Goldschmidt.

'Göring's property has taken on fantastic proportions. When the Nazis first came to power he occupied a luxurious apartment in the palace of the President of the Reichstag; he then had a special palace built for himself in the block of new Berlin Government buildings and furnished it magnificently. Göring also has at his disposal an apartment in the new Aviation Ministry, a hunting castle in Schorfheide, a villa near the Baltic coast and another hunting resort in Berchtesgaden. The land on which this latter house was built was given to him as a present. He recently bought the Hohenaschau estate near the Chiemsee for 3,000,000 marks. It is one of the most beautiful castles in Bavaria and its value is really much higher. (According to our latest information Hitler is said to have canceled this sale.)

'The great art dealers of Berlin and Munich live in deadly fear of Göring, who frequently visits their establishments to make "purchases." Payment for the antiques, pictures and tapestries which he buys usually arrives months later in meager installments or it does not come at all. He owes 70,000 marks to one great art establishment. But Göring's visits are also a nightmare to museums, from which he picks out valuable pictures to take to his apartment. The Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum, especially, has been thus honored; but the director of that museum was courageous enough to replace the pictures removed by Göring with little signs reading: "Loaned to Colonel General Göring." At present museums are removing valuable pictures as soon as it is learned that Göring is coming and in one case worthless pictures on aviation subjects were hung up to "honor" him. The canny Göring saw through the trick, however, and asked for the original pictures.'

We believe that the facts given above need no further comment in demonstrating the hypocrisy of the Nazi slogan, 'Public Interest Above Private Interest.'

III. Winter-Aid Humbug

By Jules Sauerwein

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

[*One of the Nazi methods of raising money for charitable purposes has been, for some time, the semi-official 'One-Dish-Dinner.' Once a week, all* 'Volksgenossen' *are asked to fulfil their moral obligation toward their less fortunate brethren by contributing to the Winter Aid the difference between that meal and their ordinary one. Jules Sauerwein, however, found that this sacrifice affects the little man only and not the well-to-do.* The Editors]

LET us enter a fashionable restaurant on Berlin's West Side! Let us see how in this wealthy section of

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the city the Führer's orders are being carried out! I have my choice of Hungarian gulash and a ragout of pork with sauerkraut. These dishes are listed on the menu at two marks, of which the proprietor is obligated to hand over one mark twenty pfennig to the Winter Aid, retaining eighty pfennig for his expenses. But there are several little ways of cheating. I was served oysters, for instance, yet they came in a glass and were covered with tomato sauce so that the whole thing looked like a cocktail. Cheese was served hidden between two pieces of toast. Nor was fruit refused. I could have had a second helping of the single dish if I had desired one. Finally, I could drink to my heart's content.

In brief, when I left this temple of sacrifice I felt that I had lunched extensively. In any case I had spent twenty-one marks. 'Why,' I asked the proprietor, 'wouldn't it be preferable to have the guests eat a great deal, thus accumulating a large bill of which 50 per cent could be handed over to the Winter Aid? Such an arrangement in my case would have netted ten marks instead of one mark twenty!' Without answering, the proprietor glanced at me contemptuously as if I were ignorant of both the ethical value of self-sacrifice and the true interests of restaurateurs. . . .

Another excursion took me to Horcher's, one of the most exclusive of Berlin's restaurants. As I entered a Christmas-like odor reached my nostrils. This fragrance came from the burning candles and the incense which were on the tables. The customers were fashionably dressed. The man with the sharp profile and the light beige suit at our left, lifting his glass of Moselle with dignity in a toast to his companion was none other than Count Helldorf, the dreaded Chief of the Berlin Police. His companion, small, muscular and sun-tanned, was the Reich Sport Leader, von Tschammer-Osten.

At the table next to them was a group of young aviators, among whom I recognized the famous Udet. They were dining in high spirits. The dignified old gentleman with the white moustache at the other end of the room was the head of one of Germany's largest industrial works, Herr von Siemens. And in the rear, accompanied by his father, his wife and adjutant, I recognized Herr von Ribbentrop, the Ambassador to Great Britain, for whom a *faisan à la presse*, one of Horcher's specialties, was just being prepared with minutest care.

A few movie actresses, discreetly made up, were tilting at enormous Danish oysters, costing 1 mark 25 apiece. Butter in great quantities was on every table. A more exquisite cuisine in more tasteful surroundings could hardly be imagined. Horcher himself greeted me cordially in French. I was not, by the way, the only representative of my country. The French commercial attaché and two other members of the Embassy were feasting in a fitting mood of appreciation.

'This goes on every noon and evening' said my friend. 'Prices have not gone up very much — only about fifteen per cent. The quality remains the same and, judging from Horcher's contented expression, I do not think that he operates at a loss.'

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Here is a roster of famous Englishmen who could not make genius pay.

Pittances *for* Genius

By HANNEN SWAFFER

From the *Daily Herald*
London Labor Daily

'THE best people always reach the top. If you work hard, you will be a Success.' That, in short, is the chief defense of the competitive system, which the orthodox think of as a sort of Olympic Games. 'The fit survive,' they say. If they said: 'The fat survive,' it would be just as true.

Students of so-called 'Success' might turn, with profit, to the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, a monthly review with a conservative leaning. There they will find a complete list of all the Civil List pensions granted during the last century and a plea by the Editor that these pensions might be extended.

You will find in the List some of the best-known names in the history of Literature and Science, people who made little out of long years of work by which knowledge was extended, human suffering lessened and treasures of thought and culture poured upon the world.

'The List includes the names of very many men and women whose self-sacrifice and ill-requited labors in every department of our national life are embedded in, and form an integral part of, the very foundations of our civilization,' says the Editor.

'Some were awarded small pensions during their lives. The majority figure vicariously in the List through their descendants, for whom, during their lifetime, they were unable to make personal provision.

'Had the sums set apart for pensions been less meager, many other names of equal fame would have been included. . . . It has seldom been suggested that they were not worthy of the miserable pittances usually allotted to them or, indeed, that they did not deserve more generous treatment.'

Yes, you find that, among the great scientists to whom small pensions were granted, were Richard Owen, Thomas Huxley, Faraday and De Morgan, the mathematician. Robert Newman, who started the Promenade

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Concerts at the Queen's Hall, is in the List. Among the musicians, too, are Samuel Wesley, Sir Joseph Barnby and Sir Charles Stanford.

No men slaved harder in popularizing Shakespeare than did Sir Frank Benson, Sir Ben Greet and William Poel. They went on tour for years. They were the great teachers of acting of our time. Mrs. Patrick Campbell studied with Ben Greet. So, I believe, did H. B. Irving. Sybil Thorndike toured with him in the United States, learning in her early youth. Benson gave us Henry Ainley, Oscar Asche, Lily Brayton, dozens of distinguished players. Yet Greet, just before he died, was granted £120 a year. Benson, reduced to poverty, was given a pension of £100. Poel, too, became a beneficiary.

You would not believe it, but Sir Henry Irving's wife drew £100 a year.

Sir Robert Hunter formed and developed the National Trust, which acquired vast spaces for the public enjoyment. His daughters had to draw a pension.

'Self-sacrificing and devoted services to the application of radiology to medicine,' are ascribed to Dr. G. A. Pirie. They rewarded him with a £75 pension.

'We need not gird at, nor grudge, the transient fame and vast emoluments willingly accorded by the masses to cinema stars,' says the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. 'Nor need we here criticize the great rewards that fall to a few in the fields of finance and commerce. It is sufficient to recognize that in most if not all fields of real achievement, the financial reward is in inverse proportion to the value of the work done, and that disinterested patronage was never more necessary than now.'

That is why he suggests that the Coronation might be celebrated by the first overt recognition by Commonwealth Governments overseas—today the whole cost of the Civil List is borne by Great Britain—of 'the claims of literature, science and the arts of exploration and of public services which, in most cases, go unrewarded by the world of commerce or by the official machine.'

Imperial Parliament, he urges, should increase the present allowance, which averages £23,000 per year. Then, other of the King's Governments might follow the lead. When A. P. Herbert, M.P., recently moved an increase of the grant by £4,000 annually, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to accept the suggestion! The Socialist, but not the Liberal, benches supported Herbert's proposal, but it was rejected by 185 votes to 110.

People see names on books, and they read the names of scientists in papers. They do not understand that the most distinguished are usually the worst rewarded.

James Elroy Flecker, who wrote *Hassan*, left his wife in such circumstances that she draws £90 a year. The case of Sir William Watson, who died in poverty, is too well known to do more than mention. Stephen Phillips, whose widow was given £50 a year, and Walter de la Mare, W. B. Yeats, and W. H. Davies, who are themselves in the List, are among the poets of our own time who made little out of their verses.

In past years, Robert Buchanan and Gerald Massey, a lyric poet who sprang from the people, drew pensions. So did Wordsworth and, at one time, Tennyson. The wife of Thomas Hood, who wrote *The Song of the Shirt*, had to be

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helped, and so, afterwards, had his children.

Philip James Bailey, who wrote *Festus*, and Austin Dobson drew pensions.

In the past, writers were the victims of breaches of copyright, which were badly protected. So you find that William Harrison Ainsworth, who wrote so many historical novels, became a pensioner, and that George Macdonald, Mark Lemon's wife, yes, and Martin Tupper, who wrote *Proverbial Philosophy*, all figure as recipients. People do not understand, but many of the most valuable contributions to literature are not financially profitable. It is usually the ephemeral that makes the most money. Learning is ill-rewarded. Justin McCarthy, the historian whose novel about the life of François Villon has been the basis of extraordinarily profitable plays, musical comedies and motion pictures, drew a pension. So did Joseph Haydn, who compiled *The Dictionary of Dates*—£25 a year was his reward—Henry Bradley, author of *The New English Dictionary*, Joseph Wright, who edited *The English Dialect Dictionary*, and James Murray, who compiled *The New English Dictionary*.

Ouida became a pensioner, and Rhoda Broughton. Beatrice Harraden, who wrote *Ships That Pass in the Night*, had to be helped.

Pett Ridge's widow appears in the List, and you find there, also, the names of Leigh Hunt and Joseph Conrad!

But it is not only the authors, the musicians and the artists who had to ask their country for aid.

The mother of Lieutenant Waghorn, who established the overland route to India, was given £50 a year. 'Great energy and perseverance at great cost to himself, and services both to India and to Great Britain,' was the official reason.

'The effect of over-exertion on duty during pestilence' is a phrase referring to one recipient, and the words, 'Attacked by mental derangement attributed to exertions in the discharge of his official duties' is another.

Sir William Snow Harris invented lightning conductors. His widow had to draw a pension. Sir William Fothergill Cooke introduced the telegraphic system into Great Britain. He became a recipient. Mrs. Sarah Gordon, widow of the inventor of iron lighthouses, drew £50 a year.

The widow of the inventor of the Griffith screw propeller lived on the public funds. The great David Livingstone became a pensioner. Edward Scott Docker discovered how to treat dysentery with ipecacuanha and yet lived to draw £100 a year.

No, achievement and reward have little relation. If that were true, the sister of Walter Pater, great master of prose, would not appear upon the list. Nor would Charles Kingsley's daughter, nor 'E. Nesbit,' otherwise Mrs. Hubert Bland, nor Clementina Black, who strove so hard to ameliorate the conditions of industrial employment for women. They gave Miss Black £75 a year at first and then £25 a year.

Nor would you find, in this list of the famous—it is really a Roll of Honor—the widow of Alfred Russel Wallace. They gave Wallace the Order of Merit. He was the co-discoverer of Darwinism, gracefully giving up the credit to Darwin, who had arrived at the same conclusions by studies in another branch of science. In that he showed his real greatness.

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Is religion gaining in Russia? An English investigator reports, and a Communist calls atheists to action.

Religion *in* Russia

I. Among the Believers

By J. A. C.

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

IT IS not easy to come upon a church service in Russia today. There are not many churches open and religious days may come on any of the six which comprise the Soviet week. But I was fortunate in being in Leningrad when a regular service took place in one of the churches. The congregation nearly filled the church and people of all ages were represented, although most of them were elderly. The singing was excellent and there was not the slightest doubt about the religious fervor of the people. Passersby took little notice when the crowd poured out into the street.

It was the same in Moscow, where I saw a priest walking through the streets in the usual long gray robes and with his hair rolled up in a knot on the back of his head. He carried an umbrella in one hand and a bundle in the other, and the only reaction from the people he passed was a few good-natured cries of 'Poppa, Poppa.' When I raised my camera to take his photograph, he waved his umbrella at me and made some smiling comment, which I missed.

In Tiflis I went on a round of churches with a young Georgian who had been in the United States for some years. He was quite at home in Tiflis, where he was born, and spoke both Georgian and Russian. Our first call was at St. Simon's Cathedral, now more than a thousand years old. It was full of priceless icons, pictures and precious metal-work, and had not been damaged in any way. There was an elderly priest and an active young assistant, who were quite ready to talk to us.

They showed us their special treasures, including a cross trimmed with silver which Saint Nina is supposed to have brought to Georgia from Jerusalem seventeen centuries ago. They claimed that many people attended this church and certainly it looked prosperous enough. While we talked several people came in and

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knelt in prayer before various icons; more than one lit candles.

Our next visit was to a synagogue. A number of roughly clad Jews were sitting on forms in a sort of courtyard near the door, and they eagerly offered to show us through their church. They spoke Georgian and even used this language in their services, so they said, but they could use whatever language they wished. This freedom in the matter of language is one of the strong points in the Soviet's attitude toward the national minorities. Nowhere is the Russian language forced on them; it is often taught in the schools as a foreign language.

These Jews were most enthusiastic about Soviet rule. There is no doubt that the Jews in the Caucasus suffered much in Czarist days. Everyone hated them and they were unmercifully persecuted. My Georgian friend told these men how he himself had been taught by his parents that the Jews killed babies, drained their blood and used it at religious feasts, and many other tales to the same effect. There were tears of emotion in one old man's eyes, and his only complaint today was that their synagogue was not large enough to hold all the people who came to the services.

On the steps of an Armenian church we found a jolly, old, gray-frocked priest chatting with a group of women. Inside there was little decoration in contrast with the Greek Orthodox Church, but the building was in a good state of repair. From behind a screen the deep intonations of a male voice echoed around the bare walls, but there was no one else in the church.

In the lower part of Tiflis there is a tiny shrine guarded by an old, white-haired woman who smiles at one and all in a friendly fashion. It is merely a little alcove with a religious figure painted on the wall and a few brackets to hold candles, but apparently there are enough people passing by who will pause a moment to go inside and pray, light a candle, and drop a coin in the money-box.

II

We talked to the priest in another church—a comparatively new one, built in 1907—who said that many people came in to services there from the country. It contained some fine icons and a few pictures—one of St. George and the Dragon—but most of the walls were bare and white. The priest explained that they were to have been painted, but the Revolution put a stop to it, and now 'the Government will not spend money on churches, so they will probably never be done.'

He had a kind, sad face, like that of a saint. He told us that the priests had been persecuted there considerably, but he did not blame the Government. It was due to over-zealous local officials, and as soon as the Government learned what was going on, it promptly put a stop to it. The Church, he admitted quite frankly, had taken an active part in anti-revolutionary work and had suffered the consequences. One of his own bishops had been caught using the Church as a mask for anti-revolutionary activities, and this had brought much trouble down on them all. But now everything was all right, he said, and no one troubles them at all.

While we were talking the priest's little girl came in. She was about eight years old, and was wearing a pretty little print dress. She was chewing

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some kind of green leaves, and as she sat down carelessly on the dais in the center of the church she spat out the stalks onto the carpet. The priest chided her, but she took not the slightest notice. Then she watched one or two people who were praying before the icons and was just about to make some remark when her father stopped her. Soon after that she got up and strolled out, with an expression on her childish face which looked like the utmost contempt for her father's profession and the Church in general.

This man also allowed me to photograph him. He was rather shy about it and would not go out of the door into a good light, and before I took his picture he pulled out a comb from within his robes and ran it through his beard.

Wherever possible I brought up the subject of religion with the guides in different places. None of them believed in it, and most of them gave me the impression that they thought there were many more interesting and useful things to talk about.

One man whom I met in Kharkov was willing to discuss almost any subject. I asked him if he thought the Russian people would ever go back to religion. 'No,' he replied, 'the break was utter and complete.'

I insisted that religion of some sort was to be found in every race on earth and that I thought it would return to Russia. 'Never,' he said. 'You do not understand how great the break was.' Then he told me some of the fakes which had been disclosed at the famous monastery in Kiev, the Kievan Pecherskaya Lavra, and many similar things. He was not bitter, but it was impossible to shake him from his belief in the Communist attitude toward religion.

There was a story, which received much attention in the Soviet newspapers while I was in Russia, about a girl Stakhanovite worker on a State farm in Siberia. It seems that she was religious, and the farm soviet wondered if it was right that a worker who was held up as a good example to others should be a churchgoer. They referred the matter to Moscow, and the answer came back promptly that religion was a purely personal matter and that this girl was entirely free to go to church if she wished. The new Constitution recognizes 'freedom of religious worship' as well as 'freedom of anti-religious propaganda for all citizens.' Everyone over the age of eighteen has the right to vote or to be elected, and this automatically includes priests as well as others whose rights were previously limited. But it is doubtful if a priest will ever be elected to any important post where so few people believe in religion.

II. Atheist Call to Action

By S. Petrov

Translated from the *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

LATELY the religionists in the Soviet Union have been steadily growing in numbers and becoming increasingly active. They are adjusting themselves to existing conditions, the better to carry on their subversive work, and

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they sometimes go so far as to take the new Constitution as a text for their sermons. In the coming elections, the religionists will no doubt attempt to put up their own candidates. We must, therefore, use all the means in our power to curb their influence on the people, and anti-religious propaganda is one of our most effective weapons. Comrade Stalin has already pointed out to us that the class enemy finds fertile soil wherever religious notions are rife. His words were: 'The Party cannot remain indifferent toward any attempts to revive religion; its duty is to carry on active propaganda against such a movement, for anti-religious propaganda is one of the surest means of undermining the undesirable influence of the reactionary clergy.'

The new Constitution has guaranteed to all the Soviet citizens a right to anti-religious propaganda. The task of making this right effective has been entrusted to organizations like the Militant Atheists' League, the Communist Youth League (Komsomol), the trade unions and the People's Commissariat of Education.

What is the Militant Atheists' League doing? Four years ago it boasted a membership of 5 million. Today not even the officials of the organization can say with certainty how many members it includes. The Chairman of its Central Council, Comrade Pestunovich, puts the number at 2 million. But the secretary of the League, Comrade Olyeshchuk, is much less optimistic; he believes that the number has fallen much below that figure. It is obvious that, while there are innumerable atheists in the country, the League has somehow failed to bring them into its fold.

The truth is that the Atheists' League has become completely disorganized. Its local branches, which were first organized six years ago, have almost all been dissolved. Advisers sent by the League's Central Council to visit a branch in some local soviet are often unable to find its headquarters. And in many districts, provinces and even entire national republics there is no record of the existence of such a body. High officials of the League know very well that such conditions exist but they console themselves with arguments something like the one which the League's Secretary gave in the last issue of the *Anti-Religionist:* 'The slackening tempo of the League's work must not be taken to mean that anti-religious feeling in the country at large is decreasing. . . . On the contrary you will find that it coincides with the general collapse of the religious institutions throughout the country.'

III

One of the most important reasons why the League has been doing such poor work is its members' perfunctory attitude toward the needs of the masses, which are no longer satisfied with antiquated methods in the field of anti-religious propaganda. A general and banal treatment of the subject will no longer impress the hearers. Today they want serious discussions in which emphasis is laid on the historical and scientific views of religion. Besides, educators in this field must reckon with the fact that in our country there are still thousands of workers who have only recently broken with religion but have not yet been able to find any other working philosophy to take its place.

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The Atheists' League has taken none of these facts into consideration. It has not planned a new program of propaganda that would satisfy the changed needs of the masses. Its leaders admit that the local branches of the League are often run by men who not only have not the remotest idea of how to carry on anti-religious propaganda but are actually illiterate.

What has the Young Communists' League, or Komsomol, done in this field? At one time this organization was most active. Its most useful work was done in separating the traditional holidays like Christmas and Easter from the religious associations commonly attached to them. But its interest waned when it came to the routine educational work which is necessary to wean the masses away from religious superstitions. Accordingly, that important phase of anti-religious propaganda was completely neglected. At the recent convention of the Komsomol the following resolution was adopted: 'It is the function of the Komsomol to explain to the Soviet youth the harm of religious superstitions. For that purpose special clubs and circles must be organized and courses must be given to teach the methods of anti-religious propaganda.' No part of this resolution has been carried out. The Komsomol press has been keeping silent on religion.

The Trade Union Council has likewise shown complete indifference about anti-religious propaganda, although the Atheists' League has been vainly trying to interest it in this question for six years. Four months ago the secretariat of the Council finally deigned to hear a brief report on the situation. As a result, Comrade Nikolayeva, the Secretary of the Council, was commissioned to work out an extensive plan of campaign. That was the last we heard about it. Obviously the trade unions under-estimate the political significance of anti-religious propaganda among the workers. Their paper, the *Club*, has been publishing reports on all topics except religion. Even the group leaders of the trade unions refuse to lecture on that subject on the ground that 'the Soviet worker has now attained his political and cultural maturity. He is already an atheist: therefore anti-religious propaganda is no longer necessary.'

The trade unions evidently forget that during the two Five Year Plans the great army of the proletariat has been filled by men hailing from villages in many of which religious superstitions have not yet been eradicated.

The same lack of foresight has been shown by the People's Commissariat of Education. It recently closed five anti-religious museums and the Central Institute of Anti-Religious Propaganda, where courses were given to approximately 3,000 men, most of whom were teachers. And no provision has been made in this year's production plan for manufacturing stereopticon slides on anti-religious subjects. The director of the Commissariat's slide factory explains this oversight by the usual argument: anti-religious propaganda is no longer necessary.

All the organizations that have been entrusted with the tremendous task of carrying anti-religious propaganda to the masses must remember that their work is a very important part of the class struggle and of political and cultural education. The present situation is dangerous and must not be allowed to continue.

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A Continental master of the short story describes a rare friendship.

Pochini *and* Tamburini

By Aldo Palazzeschi

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

THEY met one cold, damp December morning in the antechamber of the Railway Administration office. They eyed each other, looked around the room and out of the window. Then one of them came over to the fireplace, where three thinnish logs were giving off a meager warmth. After a minute's hesitation the other joined him. They scrutinized each other again at close quarters.

'Pochini.'

'Tamburini.'

On that day they both became employes in the same office. Both were twenty years old. So began their friendship. They got along well with their fellow employes without ever becoming intimate with them. That strengthened the bonds of their mutual friendship even more. They were neither handsome nor homely, neither blond nor dark—an undistinguished pair. Pochini was thinner, quicker, shrewder and the more enterprising of the two; Tamburini was somewhat plump, shorter and more smilingly placid than his friend. They were neither over-bright nor yet too stupid. To everybody they were just 'Pochini and Tamburini.'

Confidences, advice, discussions—these are the food of friendship. Often the two friends would profit by an unoccupied moment at the office to plan eagerly beforehand the topic of conversation for their next day off or a walk in the evening.

After many complications Tamburini broke off the marriage engagement which in the beginning he had contracted with the most serious intentions in the world but which afterwards had dragged on through sheer inertia. Pochini, after death had robbed him of his first love, had never had another serious affair. Their youthful ardor cooled, and since neither had any relatives, they came to depend upon each other more and more. It would have been natural for them to live in the same house. But somehow this never came up in any of their countless discussions. Instead,

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they went on living in separate quarters. Pochini boarded with two old women, a mother and a daughter, whom it was almost impossible to tell apart; Tamburini with a larger family. Was this because of some natural reserve? More likely because the vicissitudes of the two families were the only topics left to their languishing conversation.

Thirty-five years passed. Pochini and Tamburini, speeded on by affectionate though not over-emotional good wishes of the director and of their colleagues and subordinates, left the office forever, going out by the same door through which they had entered so long ago. As they passed the fireplace, both of them had a feeling that they had met in front of it only yesterday. They looked at each other:—

'Well, Pochini. . . .'

'Well, Tamburini. . . .'

As they stood before this door that both of them knew so well, and which now was closed to them, they felt that the world had grown too large for them, that overnight it had swollen to a prodigious size. For a moment they were afraid; instinctively they sought reassurance in each other.

II

Naturally, now that they had retired from service, important innovations had to be introduced into their altered lives. They ended by seeing each other three times a day: in the morning, in the afternoon and at the café in the evening.

One morning the enterprising Pochini met his friend in a state of great agitation. It seems that he had had a dream—a tremendous, a complicated, an utterly incredible dream, such as one has once in a lifetime. He had dreamed of a combination of four numbers—a sure-fire combination that was certain to bring them the fabulous prize of 60,000 lire. The spending of this anticipated fortune became the sole object of their plans and desires. It opened unknown vistas before their dazzled eyes and filled their humdrum lives with splendor. On Sundays it was their custom to take long strolls in the tree-shaded walks along the Arno before dropping into their favorite tavern, The Schooner, for a meal of fried fish. On these long walks and in the evenings, at their café, they would explore Italy, visiting all her cities, and learning all about their treasures, their peculiarities, even their discomforts. Then they would cross the border and go on to France, Spain, England, Vienna, Constantinople and Tunis.

Every Friday for ten years they went to the same shop to buy their lottery ticket. It was always Pochini who went in; Tamburini waited for him outside. The two would look lovingly at the magic numbers on the pink slip. Then Pochini would carefully place their ticket in his wallet, and exchange mysterious glances with his friend. On Saturday they would come back full of trepidation, learn their fate, and go away, disappointed and crestfallen. But the same evening in the café hope would be born again in their hearts and on their Sunday walk along the Arno this hope would grow into conviction.

One day Pochini failed to show up at the usual meeting place. Tamburini ran to his rooms to see what was the matter. He found his friend in bed. Foreboding seized him as he met the latter's eyes which seemed to be asking

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him a piteous question. He seldom left the bedside. But at the end of the week Pochini died and was buried.

Silent and feeling utterly lost, Tamburini attended the funeral. Perhaps in the last look that they exchanged they felt for the first time the pure beauty of an unexpressed emotion. For poor Tamburini it was a revelation that spelled disaster. He refused to believe that his friend was really dead, rejecting the evidence of his eyes and ears until everything was over and he was left standing alone before a white tombstone in the middle of the cemetery. He looked around him. From that moment everything lost its normal meaning. Only one road remained: it led to the cemetery.

III

As he was leaving the cemetery one evening, an overwhelming sight burst upon him, yet without kindling a responding spark of life in his weary eyes. Pochini's four numbers, which they had been playing together for ten years, had finally come out. No mistake about it. There they were on the posted announcement for everybody to see. Tamburini looked at them fixedly without seeming to see or understand. But the next morning when he came to visit his friend's grave, he suddenly began to shout and make wild gestures.

'They won! All four of them! Well, did you expect me to go on playing them while you were dying? I didn't even think about it. I forgot everything—surely that was a natural thing to do. And now they've won. All four of them!'

His voice rose into a scream. He calmed himself with difficulty. But every time he visited the cemetery he resumed his plaints.

'You shouldn't have done this to me. It was a mean trick! It wasn't at all worthy of you. Why, did you think I was going to use all that money on myself alone? That I would go off around the world all by myself? I would have bought a monument of marble for you! And I would have brought all the money here in change so that you could hear the coins clink —I'm sure you would have heard them!'

He ran back and forth, gesticulating, as he talked to his dead friend.

Not without a wrench to that deep-seated modesty which forces a man to conceal his truest and deepest sentiments, he had the following words engraved on Pochini's tombstone: 'From his inconsolable friend.' Close by a blank tombstone awaited his own name.

At first he brought flowers. But they made him uncomfortable: he felt that the tribute was not a natural one. Once, as he was riding down in the street car, he tried to hide a bouquet —sat on it and crushed it. These two men were neither rich nor versed in social graces; flowers meant nothing to them.

One Sunday he came to the cemetery carrying a package under his arm. It contained bread and the fried fish that both of them used to enjoy eating every Sunday at The Schooner. Slowly he unwrapped his package, as if he were inviting his friend to partake of his lunch before eating it himself. And since the other one could not accept his invitation he, too, found himself unable to swallow a bite. He mounted a hill a short distance away, from which he could see the entire cemetery.

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There, all alone, he began to munch on a piece of bread. But his tears fell on the bread and the fish. He let everything drop to the ground and fled in desolation.

Never since his friend died had he been able to get a whole night's sleep. But that night he fell asleep, peacefully, profoundly, like a child. Pochini appeared to him in a dream. He was laughing, laughing in full-throated merriment, holding his sides. He seemed happy and contented, and he was chattering away just as he used to those happy evenings at the café or on their Sunday walks. Suddenly he opened his mouth wide and clearly pronounced four numbers—new ones. Then, still laughing, he added: 'But look out! They'll never come out, you know.' And the vision faded away, still holding its sides.

'I know, I know,' Tamburini said over and over again, when he awoke, impatient but reassured. 'I know what sort of a man you are. I know your ornery character, you old clown. You always did like to have your joke, and always on me. Of course, they'll never come out. Then why tell them to me? You must have a reason. Get along with you. I know you too well.'

He dressed quickly. 'So they won't come out, eh? The devil they won't! Not any more than the other ones did!'

He hurried to the familiar old shop, came out of it comforted and happy and hastened to the cemetery. In his hand he clutched a pink slip.

Hitler Heiled

A short while ago Hitler purchased one of the many versions of the 'Island of the Dead' by Böcklin—a picture of which he is very fond. The picture was purchased from the original owner in Switzerland for 50,000 marks. Hoffmann, who was in charge of the purchase, added 20,000 marks and another 1,000 were added by his secretary; the picture then passed through still other hands and when Hitler finally bought it he paid 120,000 marks ($48,000).

—From the *Deutsche Revolution*, Prague

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Persons and Personages

DETERDING

By ROCHAT-CENISE

Translated from *Assaut*, Paris Centrist Weekly

A SIMPLE note appeared in the financial section of the more important daily papers last fall. 'The general assembly of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company will take place on November 17th. At that time an important announcement will be made: it will deal with the resignation of Sir Henri Deterding as Director-General, to take effect on December 31.' That was all. The uninitiated did not pay much attention to the news. But I am sure that old John D. Rockefeller, upon reading it in his sterilized retreat, must have chuckled. For although many years have passed, the man who was the first great merchant of oil could not have forgotten that a little Dutchman, at the head of an insignificant company, had once dared to attack and best the redoubtable Standard Oil Company.

Deterding deserves much of the extravagant praise that has been showered upon him. If he started from the bottom and reached the top, it was not merely because he was a good worker, or because he was remarkably intelligent, or because he had a special genius for the oil business. It was because he had faith and daring. And his faith in the future, in the success of his enterprises, has given to his career a dynamic quality which is striking even in a field of endeavor that has been crowded with brilliant and daring men.

Henri Deterding was born in Amsterdam on April 19, 1866. He was the fourth in a family of five children. His father was a sea-captain who spent his whole life sailing between the Indies and the Netherlands. He died when the future director of the Royal Dutch was only six years old.

Henri's ancestors had grown blue tulips in Leyden. But in the 17th century we find them traveling all over the world, colonizing the Indies and Africa.

Such was the stock that produced Henri Deterding. He, too, was adventurous and determined, but combined with a love of adventure was a love for the soil which was to become a valuable asset in his struggle against men who only loved money.

His childhood dream was to become a sea-captain like his father. He was a cheerful boy and a good scholar. At sixteen he decided to help his mother and took a job running errands at the Twentsche Bank. At the

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beginning he earned $6 a month. His future seemed to be settled: he would remain an employee of the bank and rise slowly but surely to a position of modest responsibility. Indeed, four years later we find him working in the same firm and drawing a salary of $60 a month. In 1886, that was not considered bad for a twenty-year-old clerk.

His real chance came when he won first prize over 140 other contestants in a competition given by the Nederlandsche Handels Maatschappij. His reward was a position in a small trading post in the Dutch Indies. The young man went to Medan on the island of Sumatra. He didn't stay there very long and went on to Dili, where he performed marvels in bookkeeping, upset all the ideas of the local officials and cut the company's overhead expenses by seventy-five per cent.

What was more important, he learned a great deal about the Indies and how to trade with the Asiatics. It was in Penang in the British Indies that he was discovered in 1895 by Auguste Kessler, the director of the Royal Dutch, a tiny petroleum company founded by the Nederlandsche Handels Maatschappij. Kessler was a good judge of men. He needed a representative in the Far East, someone whom he could mold to carry out his ideas in the oil industry. On May 15, 1896, he appointed Deterding sales manager in the Far East. And so the career of the future Sir Henri began in earnest when he was thirty years old.

When Auguste Kessler died four years later, it was found that he had left instructions that Henri Deterding was to be his successor as head of the Royal Dutch Company.

Up till then the powerful Standard Oil Company had not been bothered very much by the small company. The Standard had a regular fleet of oil freighters while little Royal Dutch had to depend on irregular transportation. Deterding got the idea of joining forces with one Marcus Samuel, a merchant in tortoise shell who had become a shipper of oil. The merger was effected and Henri Deterding got his ships. Since Shell, Marcus Samuel's company, was British he began to sport the Union Jack over his freighters.

From then on it was war between the Royal Dutch Shell on one side and the Standard Oil on the other. The first battle field was China, until then the uncontested domain of the American company. Rockefeller lowered his prices. Deterding followed. Having obtained the financial backing of the Rothschilds, he was able to match Standard's price-cutting. It was Rockefeller who tired first and agreed to share the Chinese market with Royal Dutch. This was a great triumph for Deterding. He immediately pressed his advantage, and one fine day the Americans saw two British freighters flying the Royal Dutch ensign in New York harbor. This was a piece of impudence which Rockefeller did not deign to notice.

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After that, Deterding set about buying wells and concessions on promising fields throughout the world and even in America. To the fields he already possessed in the East Indies, he added others in Rumania, in Russia, where he acquired the Rothschild concessions, in Egypt, in Mexico, in California and Venezuela.

THEN came the War. France had always followed a most deplorable policy in regard to her oil industry. But for the British and Deterding there might have been a catastrophe. The French Government stubbornly remained the client of the 'Big Ten,' a group of dealers that controlled the entire French oil industry. The 'Ten' had retained the right to sell to private consumers all gasoline that the Government had not requisitioned for its armies. For a long time both Deterding and Clemenceau fought unsuccessfullyagainst this state of things. The waste of oil went on behind the lines, and the least accident, such as a derailed train or the bombardment of an oil reservoir, threatened to paralyze the armies. Up to 1917 the German airplanes were superior to those of the Allies largely because the fuel they used was of better quality. Deterding saw to it that this handicap was overcome. And he poured oil unstintedly into France from his fields in Sumatra and Borneo. During 1915 to 1916, the most critical period in Allied armaments, Deterding also helped to construct and equip a refinery at Saint-Louis-du-Rhône.

Financially speaking, the War made good business for the great oil masters. In 1913 the Royal Dutch paid 27,000,000 florins in dividends; in 1919 it paid 96,000,000 florins. But the Allies did not mind and, indeed, were appreciative. Senator Henri Beranger, in a speech at the inter-Allied oil conference, expressed the gratitude of the French to the Director of the Royal Dutch: 'Mr. Deterding is loved in France, not only as donor of the admirable Dutch Hospital and of many other benefactions in the provinces which were devastated by German savagery, but even more so as one of the most powerful industrial contributors to the defense of Verdun and the victories in Champagne.' The British rewarded him with a knighthood.

Other combats awaited Deterding; his clashes with the Standard Oil in Mexico read like a novel. Revolution followed revolution; presidents, all of them more or less in the pay of one or other of the rival oil trusts, succeeded each other. In Mexico Sir Henri was the one who had to give way.

But his greatest struggle was carried on against Soviet Russia. The Royal Dutch had large concessions and investments in the Baku oilfields during Czarist days, and these the Bolsheviks had confiscated. An attempt was made to salvage these interests through diplomatic channels and there was much talk of 'Red oil' at the Genoa Confer-

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ence. The Rapallo Treaty, however, put an end to the hopes of both the Royal Dutch and the Standard Oil, for Germany could provide both capital for development and the market that Russia needed. For several years Deterding tried to come to an amicable agreement with Moscow. But the Russians played with him as they did with the other oil men. They wanted credit and they wanted diplomatic recognition, so they used their oil resources as an eloquent inducement to win these two objectives.

Sir Henri finally burned his bridges behind him. He broke with Moscow, and from then on considered the Bolsheviks his personal enemies. He tried to boycott them but in spite of his having secured the coöperation of the principal oil interests, that maneuver failed to budge the Russians. Not until 1927 was Deterding able to get in a good blow. He seems to have considerable to do with Britain's severing of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. But it proved to be a hollow victory because a veritable league of enemies rose up against him. Standard Oil sided with the Soviets. The immensely rich Sarkis Gulbenkian, one of the largest Royal Dutch stockholders and owner of 5 per cent of the Mosul Concession, revenged himself on Sir Henri, who had once made him resign his directorship in Shell. The Armenian magnate flooded the market in all the stock exchanges of the world with Royal Dutch shares. The stocks fell so low that the British Government was obliged to intervene and to check the disastrous movement.

Sir Henri Deterding lost in that affray. From that time on his activity began to wane. Although he was still the Director-General of his trust, J. B. Auguste Kessler, Jr. was already beginning to assume the responsibility for administering the heritage that his father had once given to a young clerk in a colonial bank.

And now Sir Henri has retired. During his remaining years he will be merely a trustee. He is, of course, fabulously rich, but he has not founded a dynasty as did the elder Rockefeller. His two sons will have nothing to do with oil. They are gentlemen farmers somewhere in England.

Emir Abdullah

By M. J. Ben-Gavriel

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

At the end of the World War, Great Britain found herself in difficulty because of the commitments she had made to certain Arab rulers. One of her greatest problems was to find suitable rewards for the family

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of the Shereef of Mecca for its services in the campaign against the Turks. Because of promises made to France in the Sykes-Picot agreement, she had to permit the French to oust Prince Feisal, the eldest son of the Shereef, from the kingdom which he set up in Syria after the Turks had retired. But as compensation, Feisal was made King of the British Mandate of Iraq. For Abdullah, the Shereef's other important son, there remained only Transjordania, of which he was somewhat hastily made Emir.

This awkward, arbitrarily constructed buffer State between Arabia and Palestine could scarcely be expected to satisfy the ambitious Abdullah, who had been promised the Kingdom of Iraq. But the fact that England alone could protect him from destruction at the hands of Ibn Saud's fanatical Wahabi tribesmen made him hold out even in his exceedingly poor and sparsely settled country. Yet he has always regarded his position as Emir of Transjordania as no more than a stopgap, a first step toward a real kingdom. So when the liquidation of the Syrian mandate began to be discussed, Abdullah was among the first to announce his claim to the Syrian throne. The Syrian people, however, decided to retain the republic and all the claimants to the throne, including Abdullah, a son of Ibn Saud, and the former Khedive of Egypt, the rich Abbas Hilmi, were left empty-handed.

It was only natural that Abdullah should next turn his eye toward the land to the west of the Jordan, to Palestine, and he offered his services to England as the ruler of that country. He did this after the disturbances of 1929 and again in 1935 when, upon visiting England, he was received like a king. Both times his scheme failed to come off. The opposition, not only from the Jews, but also in Transjordania and from certain Arab groups in Palestine, was too strong.

Since the recent troubles in Palestine have clamored for a definitive solution, the Emir of Transjordania has again stepped into the picture. In a memorandum to the British Government he pointed especially to the services of his dynasty during the World War and his own intervention during the latest disturbances to keep the Transjordanian Bedouins from invading Palestine. His concrete suggestions in regard to Palestine call for a treaty of friendship between England and Palestine under a National Government, under which the rights of the Jews would be guaranteed, although their number would be limited to 35 per cent of the Arab population. This new Palestine would be united with Transjordania and elevated to the status of a kingdom and would, of course, be entrusted to his care. In case this solution should prove impossible, the Emir proposes that Palestine shall be divided into Arabian and Jewish cantons. The Arab cantons would fall to Transjordania while the Jewish cantons would become the Jewish National Home.

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Abdullah's scheme is not new but his sponsorship of it may endanger the political balance which Britain has so carefully established in the Near East. For Ibn Saud is said to desire the throne of Palestine for his second son, and would make every effort to prevent the Hashimite family, which he drove out of Mecca and to which Abdullah belongs, from extending its power. This rivalry over the question of the Palestinian succession may mean the end of the non-aggression pact which was concluded between Abdullah and Ibn Saud in 1933 after many years of bitter strife.

IT MAY also considerably complicate the domestic affairs of Palestine by sharpening the issues between the two powerful Arab groups in that country. The Mufti of Jerusalem, who is an active follower of the Wahabi King despite their religious differences, is regarded as one of the most influential enemies of the Emir Abdullah and his plans. The Mufti knows very well that if Abdullah should become king, his own power and that of his family in Palestinian affairs would come to an end and his opponents, the Nashashibi family, would dominate the Arab part of Palestine. While for self-interest the Mufti must oppose a Pan-Arabian and favor a strictly Palestinian solution, which would make him the first man of the nation, he coöperates with the Pan-Arabian Istiklal (Independence) party in opposing the Emir. On the other hand, it is no easy matter to side with the Wahabi, for Ibn Saud, the greatest diplomat of the present Arabian world, disapproves the Mufti's intransigent policy and is advising the Arabs of Palestine now, as before, to come to an agreement with the Jews and with England.

The Emir's advice is the same, which is not particularly astonishing since he would be helpless without English support. This is particularly true since he is opposed by that part of his own population which sympathizes with the Istiklalists. This disaffected group recently charged at an Istiklal Congress held in Damascus that he spent 17,000 pounds annually, while the President of the Syrian Republic, a much richer country than Transjordania, spent only 4,000 pounds. At any rate, the Palestinian problem has greatly intensified the tension among the Arabs. The old feud between the Hashimite and Saud families has broadened to a contest between the dynastic interests of the Emir, which are largely localized, and the Pan-Arabian movement.

Transjordania, despite its arbitrary birth, is a very important factor in British strategy in the Near East, especially as the Mosul-Haifa pipeline crosses it in the north. That is why Britain must be very cautious about any change which affects Transjordania and Palestine. She cannot strengthen the Emir's position without compensating Ibn Saud for various reasons. Even if she were convinced that Abdullah's kingship

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over the two countries were desirable it would mean the abandonment of the Mufti, who is not only Ibn Saud's friend, but who is also a useful restraint on certain unruly young Arab elements in Palestine. And again, where could compensation for the Arab Conqueror be found? Saudi Arabia's expansion toward the north is quite out of the question, because in that direction it borders upon Syria and Iraq, which are respectively French and English spheres of influence. Yet to give the Wahabis a free hand in the south, in the Yemen, would be energetically opposed by Italy. Rome only recently gave an unmistakable indication of its interest in protecting the independence of this richest part of Arabia, which lies just across the Red Sea from Italy's East African Empire.

Abdullah has been invited to attend the coronation of George VI. He will be greeted, as in 1935, with a royal salute of twenty-one guns. But his own prospects of being the central figure of a coronation are far from promising, even if he should be clever enough to continue to try to unite the interests of the Jews with those of the Arabs who favor him. Abdullah's destiny seems to be one of waiting and waiting and waiting.

The Viennese Prodigy

By Klaus Mann

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Daily

Roswitha Bitterlich is an unusually talented young painter. She is the daughter of Dr. Hans M. Bitterlich, an Austrian official, and was born in Bregenz on the Bodensee in 1920. So she is now about seventeen years of age. A short biography, which is included in the catalogue of her works, tells us that her paintings and sketches were first publicly exhibited in Innsbruck, in 1932. In 1935 her first great exposition was held in the Vienna Crystal Palace—an exposition that was formally opened, according to the catalogue, 'by the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg, and which found enthusiastic response from the press. In May and August, 1936, equally successful exhibitions took place in Prague and Salzburg.'

At present the paintings and drawings of this phenomenal child are the sensation of Amsterdam. One is compelled to use the word 'sensation' to describe the passionate public interest, especially on the part of women, which Roswitha's work arouses. No other living painter, not even Picasso, now draws such crowds to a gallery; no other painter is the subject of so much ardent discussion on the Continent. Moreover, I hear that the young artist is also financially far ahead of her more ma-

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ture colleagues. The prices that are paid even for her minor drawings and sketches are said to be substantial.

When I visited the Bitterlich Exhibition, crowds stood before some of the more startling paintings, whispering animatedly and respectfully. Strange types were among Roswitha's admirers; they reminded me somewhat of anthroposophic and theosophic gatherings or of evangelistic meetings in America. Hyper-emotional middle-aged women were much in evidence; and I noticed young girls whose pallor and glittering eyes pointed to religious hysteria. Youths of the æsthete type with fastidiously unkempt hair were also present. Somehow the middle-aged women as well as the young men and the girls seemed capable of experiencing the state of ecstasy in which Roswitha, I suspect, sometimes finds herself when she paints. All of them seemed in a peculiar way able to appreciate and enjoy the achievements of this highly imaginative girl.

But there were also skeptics in the crowd. I heard them conjecture that somebody had lent a helping hand on several of Roswitha's pictures; some even doubted that the best pictures were done by her at all.

I should like to emphasize that I regard such conjectures as pure nonsense. Certainly Roswitha has done everything herself. Her distinctive touch is easily recognizable through all her stylistic changes and varying themes. It is exactly this restlessness, this somewhat hectic wavering between the extremes—between the grotesque and the beautiful, between the blasphemous and the religious, between the delicate and the coarse—which seems to me particularly characteristic of an immature, extremely receptive and almost frighteningly imaginative temperament.

Some pictures—nightmares really—are remarkably impressive. Others remind one of the stiff yet sweet loveliness of Italian Quatrocento madonnas, for instance, the oil painting entitled *Legend* in which a charming Virgin Mary, surrounded by all sorts of strange types, occupies a little boat. There are other works in a somewhat affected Gothic style; still others are frolicsome caricatures which often show a real sense of humor, like the grotesque picture called *Funeral Feast*. Some pictures are done in the rococo style, some in an abstract philosophical vein.

Finally there are fairy tales and dreams, and these last seem to me to be the best, purest and most successful. I was particularly enchanted by a little sketch, *The Call of the Forest*, which depicts a legendary youth, half animal, half man, sounding an almost audible call, plaintive and tempting, from a thicket.

Such romantic pictures support my contention that Roswitha Bit-

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terlich's phenomenal talent is primarily that of a poet rather than that of a painter. Much of her power to fascinate lies in her imagination—perhaps I should say in her literary imagination. The titles of her pictures are literary, and sometimes even journalistic, for example, *Must I Die After All?*, *Stop Getting Drunk!*, *Pickanniny and Giraffe*, *The Banquet of Death*, *Withered Beauty* and *Angel with the Bowl of Wrath*. Dramatic and speculative imagination predominate over color. In fact, the colors on her canvases do not glow; they seem to be laid on without zest.

Roswitha Bitterlich is a girl enraptured and tortured by visions lovely and evil, religious and rebellious, tender and cruel. One might almost call her imagination pathological. It seems to me that in her short life she has read extensively and observed a great deal. Certainly the visions of others are mingled with her own. The impression made by observing her work is twofold. While one is fascinated and impressed, one is also repelled.

Ballyhoo about a child is always dangerous: adults are not ashamed to take advantage of genius. The public reacts kindly; it is more interested in this ecstatic young girl than in a mature artist, just as in America people think more of the drolleries of Shirley Temple than of a really great actress. The careers of both Shirley and Roswitha—so different from each other—are carried onward by the same public adulation. Roswitha Bitterlich is a prodigy; so much can be granted. A judgment as to whether she is more—a true genius—must wait.

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Here is a German view of Papal policy and the aims of 'Catholic Action.'

Catholic International

Translated from the *Tat*,
Jena National-Socialist Monthly

WHEN Pope Pius XI publicly denounced the horrors of Spanish Marxism in moving words some time ago, he did not withdraw recognition from the Caballero Government; nor did he praise the Franco régime unconditionally or acknowledge it as the *de jure* government, even though he accorded it a sort of *de facto* recognition by sending the Cardinal of Toledo to Salamanca.

Why this conspicuous neutrality? It may be that the Vatican is uncertain about the outcome of the Civil War and about the international treatment of the Spanish question. Perhaps it does not wish to commit itself prematurely. Certainly Papal circles fear a Government victory; but a Fascist victory is feared no less. The Pope has publicly warned Franco not to carry the restoration of 'order' to the point where the Church would be turned into an institution of the State. To this the Spanish Nationalists replied that they had no such intention: the Church would be free, so much so that in future it would exist apart from the State. But this prospect is extremely unwelcome in Rome. For the separation of State and Church is one of the heresies of liberalism which has been severely condemned by the Popes.

Is it surprising in view of such uncertainties that the Vatican regards it as compatible with its dignity to limp on both feet? For many years the Vatican's Spanish policy has been directed by shrewd Cardinal Tedeschini, a pupil of Rampolla and Benedict XV. He was Papal Nuncio in Madrid from 1921 to 1926, before he joined the Pope's advisers. He is familiar with Spain and the Spaniards and he belongs to that type of ecclesiastical diplomats which is better able to do business with the Left than with the Right. Tedeschini knows very well who caused Primo de Rivera's downfall and turned King Alphonso of Spain into an abject petitioner of the Vatican—in order to save the Church from the fetters of

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dictatorship. When Alphonso left the country Tedeschini thought he could remain. He fished in the troubled waters of democratic Spain until he was driven out and then he found a seat in the Senate of the Church. But he still guides the Spanish policy of the Holy See and that policy is one of playing both ends against the middle. Franco and Caballero are both sinners in need of absolution. But first they must earn the blessing.

II

In practice, at least, the Vatican has adopted the English policy of non-intervention. But the theory of Papal policy was propounded by Pius IX, who denounced the idea that one State should not intervene in the domestic affairs of another in the *Syllabus* which he flung at liberalism in 1864. The *Osservatore Romano*, official organ of the Vatican, explains this divergence from Pio Nono's theory and vindicates the Papal policy of neutrality in the Spanish Civil War by the following argument.

Fundamentally, the Church preaches that intervention is a duty. It claims that one State should assist another, if the latter should get into serious trouble from which it is unable to extricate itself alone. This has long been regarded as the duty of Christian solidarity. Modern international law, the Church finds, has also identified itself with this idea. It was on the basis of this principle that the Holy Alliance protected a certain political doctrine. Even after the false doctrine of non-intervention was set up at the time of the bourgeois Revolution of 1830, the Great Powers had intervened in the domestic affairs of Turkey for humanitarian reasons. And in our own time the League of Nations recognizes intervention, though only for external conflicts and for the protection of the *status quo* against an aggressor.

The Spanish conflict, the *Osservatore* continues, touched the consciences of the European nations. This was proved by the political tension which arose over the question of intervention. Unfortunately the consciences of the various nations reacted differently and now intervention on behalf of one party or the other threatens to spread the Spanish Civil War into the much greater evil of a European war. Thus, on the moral ground of choosing the lesser evil, the Vatican cannot intervene effectively to save Spain and its Church. Political expediency and the code of ethics alike make intervention impossible.

In this way the Vatican's right to neutrality is established. The Papal organ merely demands in behalf of justice that the Spanish Nationalists be granted the status of belligerents and that the term 'Insurgents' be discarded.

Now the Vatican is a sovereign State and as such no more can be demanded of it than political realism. But according to the Catholic conception, the Pope is, above all, the representative of the Christian conscience. Should he not, in that rôle, do something positive in Spain toward establishing a sound European order? Or does he fear Fascist influences in Spain? That is the point!

The Papal See today is confronted anew with the problem of political neutrality, because international policy itself has ceased to be neutral. The Vatican's preference for non-interven-

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tion in Spain is therefore by no means a concession to the doctrinal indifference of English diplomacy and bourgeoisie. The real reason is that the Vatican lacks the power to apply politically the Christian doctrine of dutiful intervention in the internal affairs of a helpless State. There is a lack of States which are sufficiently Christian, or which meet at least halfway the Christian concept of a legal State, with which the Pope might ally the Church without shame.

For the moment, then, a policy of watchful waiting is being pursued, although Papal diplomacy is by no means inactive. It is working incessantly to build up a Catholic World Front, a Catholic International, which would permit the Church to steer safely between the Scylla of Communism and the Charybdis of Fascism. This world-wide 'Catholic Action' is supposed to exercise, as it were, the functions of the former parliamentary center parties. As a center party among the States, it is designed to attract the surviving forces of democracy and liberalism into a new bloc of law and order. This the Church hopes to do through its greater organizing power and stable following, through its unified and continuous leadership, and through its superior ideology.

This constructive plan emerges clearly in the recent activity of Papal diplomacy. We are thinking, for instance, of Cardinal Pacelli's recent diplomatic journey to the United States to promote Catholic influence on the Pan-American movement and of the Vatican's incessant courting of Japan. The Japanese cult of the Emperor was recently declared permissible for Catholics. This year will see the replacement of the former French missionary archbishop by a Japanese archbishop in Tokyo at the head of the Catholic hierarchy, a measure which may serve to strengthen the 103,000 Japanese Catholics, but which is quite negligible when compared to the Vatican's need for support in America. We are thinking also of the latest attempts of Spanish clerical and monarchist circles to secure British conciliation in order that they might emerge together with England as the winner of the Spanish Civil War.

III

It is noteworthy that the Vatican, in conscious contradiction to the formulas of British foreign policy, is fully in favor of the 'War of Doctrines.' The *Osservatore Romano* recently wrote, however, that it was incorrect to attribute Europe's present political ailment to the opposition of the hostile ideas. It takes the view that the sickness of Europe does not arise from the fact that the nations are again ready to fight for ideas, but rather from the unfortunate ethical content of these ideas. The root of the trouble is a political mysticism which insists upon dividing political, religious and all other ideas into mutually exclusive extremes of good and evil. The result, according to the *Osservatore Romano*, can only be hypocrisy and political fanaticism. These passions are all the more destructive when kindled by contrasting political methods without the dignity of an ethical problem. Here the Papal organ was obviously referring to the feud between the authoritarian States and Bolshevism which persistently dominates European politics—a feud in which the Vatican has not committed

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itself. There is only one remedy against such political mysticism, namely, 'the ennobling ingredients of the Christian faith.'

This characterization of the problems of our age seems to be antiquated. A militant generation of today cares little for ingredients. In a concrete political situation, however, views such as those cited above invariably incline to the side of the Western democracies.

Another article in *Osservatore Romano*, analyzing the 'War of Doctrines' in Spain, reveals even more clearly the worries of the Roman prelates. Spain appears as the terrifying symbol of a development toward 'international civil war.' For nationalism is about to transcend national limitations and State egotism and to create a militant union of congenial nations bound together by means of a political doctrine. It is beginning to take on international aspects as does its enemy, Communism. So it is possible to get a foreglimpse of Europe's destiny in the Spanish conflict. War in the future will not be between national States but rather between two militant groups of nations which have united under the banners of two mystical political doctrines.

It can hardly be denied that Europe's destiny is being faced with open eyes by the Holy See. The prelates apparently have more courage to face the truth than the English bourgeoisie. But do they also have better means than 1½ billion pounds to prepare for coming events?

Important political decisions are sometimes won with money but as a rule they are gained through the sacrifices of sincere and organized men. The Catholic International is certainly not lacking in men, in recruits. The possibilities and means which are at its disposal remain to be discussed. We shall see whether they are likely to achieve its great aim.

IV

The Roman prelates reject the idea that 'political mysticism' brings about civil war. They do not believe in the sheer black-and-white of political propaganda, in the one-sided distribution of good and evil; in brief, they deny the validity of a political scale of values which is based on the demands of national self-preservation rather than on the Ten Commandments. Nevertheless they approve of the 'War of Doctrines' and are interested in the formation of militant groupings which penetrate and transcend the individual nations under the banner of an idea. They sense the dawn of a new era. They realize that this renegade Europe, which has evaded the Church for five hundred years, is finally rising from the morass of barren materialism where capital, production and technology are supreme and where there are few ethical problems. The shrewder among them seem to realize that in the course of this development the stubborn principle of national sovereignty may soften. While they fear that the doctrinaire front in European politics may destroy the unity of the Church along with that of individual nations, they feel certain that the path will be clear for the Catholic International to work more effectively than ever across the borders of the single States.

Political doctrines that carry across frontiers release a similar political

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movement in the religious field. The more the political movement is governed by doctrines and by faith, the more political can the reaction of the Church be.

A decisive factor for the outlook of the Holy See is the fact that the natural, or national, unity is being loosened because of super-national doctrine and that tension is created. While the totalitarian political conception promotes the creation of a new national community, it also leads all those who cling to an opposing idea to isolation from the political community and to a close connection with the Church—in short, to 'Catholic Action.' These isolated individuals are 'shock troops' in the hands of the Papal commanders. An example of this tension and its results is afforded by events in Austria since 1933.

The Vatican is quite aware that this evolution has completely altered the inner structure of Europe. The older Papal diplomats may feel ill at ease, but the younger members of the See who, significantly enough, have been drawn from the front lines of the 'Catholic Action' (Pizzardo, Tardini, Costantini, Ottaviani), have a thorough understanding of modern methods of propaganda—of disguised fronts, of direct and indirect means of influencing opinion—and have studied the possibilities of applying them for the benefit of Church politics. These younger Papal diplomats have learned how to use the press and the radio for propaganda.

V

For some years the Holy See has devoted close attention to the organization of the Catholic press under the strict control of the Vatican. Last fall, at the Second International Congress of Catholic Journalists the organization was completed. Only the technical details now remain to be worked out. This tremendous instrument, extending over the whole world, has been placed under the direction of 'Catholic Action,' in accordance with statutes approved by the Pope. It is intended that this weapon, at least, shall in the future be safe from the grasp of the State. The status of Catholic journalists is to be controlled by the clergy. Professional education controlled by the Church is provided for them and appointment to editorship is made by the bishop.

Here is a reform almost analogous to that affecting political journalists in Germany and Italy. The aims of a Catholic publication have been defined: It must exercise the social apostolate of the Church in accordance with instructions from the bishop and in the service of 'Catholic Action,' in order to restore bourgeois society along Christian lines; it must interpret the Church's doctrine to the people day by day; it must fight the modern enemy of the Church, Neo-Paganism, by means of the greatest possible distribution of, and emphasis upon, Papal Encyclicals. The Catholic press must see to it that 'political Europe will again listen to the words of the Pope' (Pizzardo). Because of its high task the Catholic periodical must keep aloof from party politics and have an independent publisher. The safeguarding of this independence extends to the international organization of Catholic publishers and to its advertising business.

The Union of Catholic Editors and Publishers is conducted by a perma-

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nent Commission at the head of which is the Alsatian chauvinist, Father Merklen of Paris, who is also the director of the French Catholic press organization. Mr. Origer of Luxemburg is vice-president of the Union and Mr. Hoeben of Breda is its secretary. The latter's task is to create a permanent link between all the Catholic papers in the world through the publication of a weekly information service about the situation of the Church in the various countries. Mr. Hoeben often sends special correspondents into 'threatened areas.' These three men, as well as the members of the Council (Mr. Pauchard of Freiburg for Switzerland and Mr. Funder for Austria), have become known to us in recent years because of their campaign against Germany.

Yet Germany's reform of the confessional press must have made the Catholic Press Congress, its sponsor, Cardinal Pacelli, and its President, Count delle Torre (the editor of the *Osservatore Romano*), wonder whether the Church actually needs a political daily press. After all, the most important method of Christian revelation is by personal word and example. If that method should be abandoned, the people will become incapable of independent confession and the Church will be deprived of its public influence. Even if this argument were erroneous, the simple fact remains that the organized Catholic Press and Radio International will always remain dependent upon the goodwill of the governments in the individual countries and that it can be effective only in liberal democratic States. Herein lies a significant political limitation on the propagandist activity of the Roman See.

The unusual esteem in which Rome holds the Catholic Press International shows, on the other hand, the direction of Papal policy. Unlimited propaganda for the *Pax Romana* in the full sense at which the program of 'Catholic Action' aims is possible only in the United States, Great Britain and France. But since the war, these democratic countries have become notorious for the skill with which they employ political propaganda. Even in them the Catholic press would find it difficult to hold its own at the outbreak of a political storm. In the quieter periods it might be able to create a storm of its own at the behest of the Pope. Yet we venture to doubt that it will be able to accomplish the task of social reform which has been set for it.

In fact, the Catholic Church seems to be suffering from a delusion—a delusion caused by the fact that in the 19th century the Church committed itself too deeply to the methods of the liberal age. If today the press weapon is being tempered with so much care it reveals a dependence on the secular institutions of the western democracies. The continued adherence to these secular institutions will create a political dependence on the democratic States that will lead to the same catastrophe which befell the German Center Party when it allied itself with the secular minds of the 19th century.

The Catholic International, as a political phenomenon, seems to be a sort of a counterpart to the League of Nations and capable, therefore, of evading decisions rather than of facing them. It will therefore have but little influence upon these decisions, either in Spain or elsewhere.

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The first of our two articles on Italy is favorable and represents the views of many English Conservatives; the second is unfavorable—an exposure of Fascist financial methods.

Italy *through* Bifocals

I. Imperial Italy

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

From the *English Review*, London Conservative Monthly

SINCE the successful conclusion of the Ethiopian War a great change has taken place in the morale and outlook of the Italian people. This is specially striking to one who spent some time in Rome during the days immediately before the outbreak of hostilities, and has revisited the Italian capital within the last few weeks.

No experienced foreign observer who now visits Italy can fail quickly to realize that the nation has found its feet as a first-class Power, with an overseas Empire and an important say in the destinies of the world. If Italy attained her national unity in 1871 and her national conscience in 1922, it was in 1936 that she came into possession of her full confidence and strength. In the days before the Ethiopian War the Italian people suffered severely from an inferiority complex. They were fully conscious of their unity as a nation, they were intensely patriotic and were filled with enthusiasm and energy to bring their country into line with the great Powers of Europe. But with all their ideals and endeavors, and even their striking successes, they felt that in strength and maturity they were inferior to others. Although they saw with their own eyes the results of their efforts, they were conscious of the newness of all they had created. As nothing had really been put to the supreme test, there was somehow a lack of national assurance. They had every confidence in Mussolini, but insufficient confidence in themselves. This produced an inferiority complex, now admitted by thinking Italians, which in turn gave

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rise to susceptibilities and fears. This was largely responsible for the bad relations between Italy and France over a long period of years.

Apart from this psychological inferiority, there were humiliating realities staring them in the face. Their country was far from self-supporting, even in foodstuffs; they had scored very few points at the peace game in Paris; and what colonial possessions they held were little more than unwanted corners of Africa. They felt acutely the want of raw materials. In these circumstances the Italians felt they were regarded as a second-class Power, and destined to remain virtual prisoners in their land-locked sea. Is it to be wondered at that they developed a nervous temperament, and were inclined on occasions to express their feelings in ways somewhat irritating to their neighbors? During these difficult years Mussolini's hand was ever on the pulse of popular feeling. He knew how best to make use of the Italian temperament to see the nation through its distress of mind. Here again the methods which he found necessary were misunderstood across the frontiers.

II

Victory in war and the conquest of Ethiopia have produced almost instantaneous relief from this feeling of inferiority. There remained only the need of an assurance from Britain that Italian rights and interests in the Mediterranean would be respected, thereby removing as far as possible the drawbacks of Italy's geographical position at the mercy of the holders of Gibraltar and Suez. Now that this question is settled to her satisfaction, Italy is fully prepared to follow her true interests in Europe by coöperating with other Powers for the maintenance of peace.

To the Italy of today peace is absolutely essential for the realization of her ambitions. Tranquillity in Central Europe and the Danube basin is needed for the security of her northern frontiers. Peace in the Mediterranean is necessary for her import and export trade and for much of her food supply. Without peace she cannot develop Ethiopia. These obvious factors of self-interest are ample guarantee of Italy's peaceful intentions.

Italy's gains from the Ethiopian War are partly material and partly psychological. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary by those who are unacquainted with that country, Ethiopia can absorb large numbers of Italians belonging to the most varied professions and trades, as well as those who wish to settle on the land. As development has to start from the most elementary foundations, Italians of almost every branch of normal human activity are needed in Ethiopia. It is no exaggeration to estimate the number absorbed in this way as one million people in the next ten years.

There is also no doubt that the produce of the country can make Italy self-supporting as regards her food supply. There are vast cultivable areas where crops can be grown and many districts where cattle can be raised. As many as three crops a year are possible in some localities. There will also be an abundant supply of cotton, coffee and tobacco. Although Ethiopia's resources in minerals and oil are as yet unknown, there are good prospects of obtaining considerable quantities of these kinds of raw materials. An area of territory nearly as

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large as France and Germany together has been acquired, with a population of many millions of people, and it occupies an important strategical position in Northeast Africa. This, together with Italy's former possessions in Libya, Eritrea and Somaliland, constitutes a formidable African Empire. It is here that the material benefits of the war are linked to those of a psychological nature.

Victory over the Ethiopians has enabled the Italians to have a victory over themselves. With the realization of their ambition to have an Empire, there has come over the whole nation a genuine feeling of contentment. This is specially noticeable in the calm and self-possessed attitude of officials of all grades, as well as in the more dignified bearing of the people of all classes.

Italians now feel that they are on terms of absolute equality with the people of Britain, France and Germany. They are fully conscious of having succeeded in a most difficult and dangerous enterprise in Africa under the most disadvantageous circumstances; and they know the true worth of their soldiers, sailors and airmen. The Italian system, with the various forms of mechanism at its disposal, has been put to a severe test, and has passed with flying colors. Yet there is no flamboyant conceit in this success, no sneering at the League of Nations, no desire on the part of the people to revenge themselves on those who opposed their campaign in Ethiopia. In their hour of victory the Italians are showing the greatest modesty and moderation. Consciousness of their new responsibilities has produced a calm, collected, and determined nation, no longer standing on its dignity through fear of affronts.

Their attitude toward the sanctionist countries is neither one of resentment nor of scorn. The thinking Italian fully understands the motives that prompted the enmities of the past year, and is now much more able than before to appreciate the point of view of others. That Italy has gained much from sanctions there is no possible doubt. It is largely owing to League policy that she is as united as she is today. It is useless to argue that Italy is only united on the surface, because it is not true. There are malcontents in all countries, but no visitor to that country today can with honesty deny that the vast majority of Italians are profoundly grateful to Mussolini for what he has done for them. It is impossible to mix in a crowd at his meetings without knowing that the feelings of the people are spontaneous, more so than ever before, and to be convinced that their system of government is that which they all wish to have.

III

The feeling of the Italian people toward Britain comes as a pleasant surprise. In spite of all that has happened, there is a feeling of absolute friendliness, except among a more or less insignificant minority whose feelings do not readjust themselves easily. The non-recognition of Italy's sovereignty over Ethiopia is understood and scarcely expected until time has had a chance to have its healing effect. Not even toward Mr. Eden is there any animosity left. He is often coupled with Cavour and Mussolini as one of the great unifiers of Italy, but statements of this kind are not made in any

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sneering sense. The Italian is chivalrous by nature, and this is most noticeable in his attitude to his late enemies. I have seen an Ethiopian dignitary given a rousing reception in Rome which was only exceeded by that given to Mussolini himself.

Although the Italians look upon the Mediterranean as their home waters, the Government and the great majority of the people sincerely want an understanding with Britain—one that will put British-Italian relations back on their old footing of close friendship. The fact that these relations have not been broken beyond repair by the clash of last year clearly shows how strong were the bonds binding the two countries together. Italy realizes the undeniable fact that in the Mediterranean each nation needs the friendship of the other. As their main lines of communication through the Suez Canal and Red Sea are identical, they can either help each other to their mutual benefit in all kinds of ways, or they can hurt each other with most detrimental and dangerous results. But it should also be remembered that the British route to Suez and the Bosporus cuts across the Italian route to Libya at Malta. This means that each nation is more or less at the mercy of the other at the narrowest part of the Mediterranean. If a free exit from the Mediterranean was vital to Italy before the Ethiopian War, it is still more vital today. For this reason the Italians have been a little suspicious of some aspects of British policy.

There has been a certain amount of misunderstanding about Britain's agreements during the period of sanctions with France, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia and Rumania. These agreements were essentially temporary and were merely intended to be reciprocal pledges of mutual assistance in the event of attack by Italy. Yet the fact that they were made at all made the Italians suspicious of possible attempts to cut her off and isolate her in her own sea. The Italians found it difficult to believe that these agreements were necessary to make up for the deplorable deficiency in British armaments at the time. But when they did grasp the truth of this strange tale of British weakness in time of crisis, they were ready enough to see the point and pass it over as one of the many incidents to be forgotten.

IV

Another feeling, which was without any foundation, was that Britain was returning to the principle of maintaining a balance of power in Europe, and playing one Power against another. Any such policy in the Mediterranean would be resented by Italy, and was probably suspected owing to the recent British tendency toward a slightly more isolationist and less European policy. Yet Italy is relieved to find that Britain refuses point-blank to be drawn into European wars except where the Channel ports are concerned.

Italy likewise refuses to take part in any European dog fights unless her vital interests are threatened, and for this reason her part in a Russo-German conflict would not exceed moral support for the anti-Communist forces. Therefore in non-intervention there is a common tie between Britain and Italy. It is certainly true that there is a close understanding between Rome and Berlin in a combined effort for protection against Bolshevism. As

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far as national interests are concerned, however, everything depends on Germany's attitude toward Austria. While it is true that the Spanish Civil War is full of dangerous possibilities, here again Britain refuses to become involved. Contrary to persistent and mischievous rumors, Italy has no designs on the Balearic Islands or any other Spanish possession, and ample assurances have been given to this effect.

But there is one point on which the Italians are quite determined. They will not tolerate a Communist régime in Catalonia. A Russian foothold in Catalonia, together with the Russian Black Sea fleet having access through the Straits to the Mediterranean, is more than Italy will stand. There are Italian volunteers in Spain, and in the Balearic Islands, for that matter; Italian airplanes and war material are to be found with General Franco's army. But the fact remains that Italy will exert every effort to bring the Spanish Civil War to a rapid conclusion. Having openly declared her intentions with regard to Catalonia, it is important that events in Spain should not spoil the prospects of a solid British-Italian understanding.

If the aftermath of the Ethiopian War found certain feelings of suspicion in Italy, the same applied to the British side. The dignified equilibrium of Britain suffered several severe shocks, and it took a little time for the nation to get over the indigestion which they caused. The greatest of these was that Britain was caught disarmed in a time of crisis, and had to scour the Mediterranean for help in case of need. This in itself was difficult enough to digest, but when it was followed by a reluctant realization that Italy was the strongest Power in the Mediterranean, it was too much for British complacency. The British people did not want to admit to themselves the newly acquired power of Italy. The idea was distasteful, so they had shut their eyes to it. Then, suddenly, a crisis arose, and they were brought face to face with reality. If the national upset so caused was unpleasant while it lasted, its results have certainly been beneficial.

But this was not all. The whole strategical situation in the Mediterranean had been changed by military aviation, and Italy was the strongest Power in the air. Britain's traditional reliance on her main line of communications with the East had been badly shaken. Then came the Italian victory in Ethiopia. The League of Nations, backed by the British Government, had a serious setback, while Italian prestige rapidly rose all along the shores of the Mediterranean. People failed to realize that, in the eyes of most native races, justice and strength are identical, and power is the greatest thing on earth. The British people have, during the last year, had quite enough to make them sore, and to make them think furiously. Now, fortunately, they are beginning to appreciate the realities which have to be faced.

The Ethiopian War, sanctions and British-Italian friction are now questions of the past and a new situation has been created. British interests in the Mediterranean remain vital, and Italy is the strongest and most stable Power in that sea. British and Italian interests are in no way antagonistic. On the other hand, each is the complement of the other. Neither Power can afford to be at variance with the other

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and the only obstacle to a close understanding for mutual protection is of a psychological nature. Once this has been removed, the way will be clear for an overwhelmingly strong guarantee for British communications from Gibraltar to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.

Much is heard in England of Mussolini's aggressive designs in the Mediterranean and in Africa. As things are, there is not a word of truth in these surmises. Italy is now a contented nation with a heavy task to face in Ethiopia, and she needs peace. But if a general European war were to break out, it would be only natural for each nation to look around and see what it could get. It is therefore in the interests of Britain, Italy and Europe in general that a Mediterranean agreement has been reached. With Italy on good terms with Germany, and Britain in friendly relations with France, such an understanding can provide a sound basis for the maintenance of European peace.

Now that the Italians have put their own house in order and have acquired an overseas Empire, they are ready to coöperate with other nations for the maintenance of peace. For this reason they have remained in the League of Nations. Not that they have any particular liking for the Geneva system; they prefer to obtain security by methods of reality rather than of principle. Whether the British people like or dislike the Fascist form of government in Italy has nothing to do with the case in point. The point is that Britain must either have a truly friendly understanding with Italy, by which each recognizes and respects the other's interests, or prepare for a conflict and a general European war. The former has now been assured and offers every prospect of great mutual security and benefit. The latter alternative was inconceivable.

II. Auditing Fascist Books

By Antonin Poggio

Translated from *Lumière*, Paris Radical Weekly

It is strange that those French Conservatives who declare that under the Popular Front Government a gold reserve of 60 billion francs is inadequate also say that government finance is sound in Italy, where the gold reserve amounts to less than 4 billion lire. They stress the fact that the Italian reserve has not fallen during the last six months.

Since governments that wish to deceive know how to do amazing things with figures, let us take a closer look at Italy's books.

The Italian gold reserve amounted to 3,936,000,000 lire on October 20, 1935, shortly after the Italian forces invaded Ethiopia. Premier Mussolini then deemed it inexpedient to give out reports about the gold holdings. After sixteen months of silence statements were resumed on February 20, 1937, when the gold reserve was announced to be 4,021,000,000 lire. The communiqué which bore this figure did not, of course, indicate that the four billions were not in the same lire as before—that, in view of the 41 per

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cent devaluation which took place during the interval between announcements, the present reserve amounts to less than 2,500,000,000 in terms of the old lire.

Even if we correct for this initial inaccuracy we must also take note of the fact that the conquest of Ethiopia has been extraordinarily expensive—so expensive, in fact, that we must further question the honesty of the February statement.

Can we believe, for example, that Italy mobilized more than a million men, transported 400,000 soldiers 5,000 miles from home, imported iron, copper, coal, oil and wheat—all necessary to the immense armaments and the conduct of war—for a loss of only 1,500,000,000 lire ($127,500,000) in her gold reserve? Moreover, during this period Italy's exports were virtually nil because of sanctions and the profitable tourist trade was arrested. If all this is true, Premier Mussolini has indeed accomplished a miracle by securing a vast colonial domain for his country at comparatively little sacrifice.

For anyone who knows the real situation and scrutinizes the figures, this prodigious achievement is an illusion, because the Italian statistics have been ingeniously twisted for public consumption. The Italian Grand Council's communiqué, for example, is prudently silent about an essential part of the National Bank's balance: that of its holdings of foreign exchange and securities. Care was taken to state that the harvest of gold realized from voluntary donations in 1936 as well as funds brought in by the requisition of foreign holdings of Italians were not included in the published figures. The pretext given for withholding this information was that those important items constitute a veritable war chest the amount of which must remain secret.

II

Why did the Grand Council find it necessary to clothe this part of its affairs in mystery? The reason is obvious. It is that the Italian Government does not want it generally known that a large part of those reserves—the 'war chest'—has already passed into the metallic balance of the Bank of Italy. Or, more precisely, that if there is still a gold balance it is because a large part of those contributions and confiscations have been encroached upon.

It is well known that in September, 1935, Premier Mussolini began a campaign to get hold of Italian savings. Italian citizens were forced to cede to the State all their foreign securities and in return received Treasury Bonds. Inside Italy the inquisitorial means at the disposal of the Fascist régime made it impossible to escape this confiscation. As for the 3 million Italians living abroad, a shameless but effective pressure by the consulates and local Fascist organizations made them submit to the decree. The Italians in New York, London and Paris were obliged to take valueless paper in exchange for the gilt-edged American, British and French securities which they had acquired by their labor.

It is certain that the amount realized by this requisition in 1935 totaled about 3 billion lire. This value has been doubled by the subsequent rise in prices and by the devaluation of the lira.

Despite all official denials these securities were deposited with the

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Bank of Italy, although they do not figure in its balance, and the Bank of Italy is responsible for their sale. It has already liquidated a large part of them either directly on the foreign exchanges or through middlemen. One might mention the time when British and French bankers were invited to Rome to bid on certain batches of securities. They were received by the Governor of the Bank of Italy who, before their eyes, thumbed through the pages of the great book in which the requisitioned securities were listed by categories. And so the savings of several generations of Italian emigrants have gone to the profit of the Fascist Moloch.

What proportion of these securities has already been disposed of? How much of the money realized from them has passed into the gold reserve, or been used to defray the cost of the war in Ethiopia? It is difficult to say exactly. It is reasonable, however, to assume that of the 5 or 6 billion lire which represents the actual value of the securities appropriated at least a half has already been absorbed. When the statement was made, on February 20, it was possible for the Italian Government to assure the public that the treasury was intact. Yet it was possible only because 3 billion lire in foreign securities had been seized, to which three fictitious billions had been added by reason of the devaluation and the rise in prices.

Such is the legerdemain which lies behind the financial communiqué issued by the Italian Grand Council. But the brutal facts cannot be concealed. In less than two years, Italy has consumed all her gold reserve. By her confiscation of savings she has momentarily secured a second, but that is likewise destined to disappear quickly. Another wheat shortage, in addition to the normal demands of industry for raw materials, is all that is needed to swallow the new reserve.

This is a grim prospect for a country that is very far from being self-sufficient. Will Fascism try to ward off this disaster by gambling everything on a new adventure?

Beyond the Pale

Much as we all admired—almost worshipped—Edward VIII as Prince and King, it was well known that he was not personally a philatelist.

—British *Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly*

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Hu Shih contends that *fundamentally* China is far more modern than Japan.

My People *and the* Japanese

By Dr. Hu Shih

From the *People's Tribune*
Shanghai Nationalist Semi-Monthly

Herbert Spencer once said that nature was kind in that acquired characters are not transmissible, for, if they were, the feet of the descendants of a Chinese mother of bound feet would become smaller and smaller throughout the generations. The same consideration applies to all the evil institutions of our ancestors, which, though great evils in themselves, were man-made and capable of being unrooted by human efforts. Once the Chinese girl is freed from the fetters of foot-binding and is given the benefits of modern schooling and physical exercises, she bursts forth in full blossom as one of the most beautiful and graceful types of womanhood. And her brother, when he gives up the classical octopartite literary composition and submits himself to the discipline of the modern school and the scientific laboratory, is capable of surprising the world by his quick understanding and creative ingenuity in scientific research. Six centuries of wasteful literary gymnastics apparently have not disabled the Chinese mentality any more than one thousand years of foot-binding have permanently crippled the feet of the Chinese girls.

These sins of our fathers are merely institutional, social and educational. New institutions have replaced old ones, which soon disappear completely because the people, once brought back to their senses, become so ashamed that they destroy all reminders of their former sins. I am afraid future directors of historical and sociological museums will find it very difficult to collect women's footwear of the foot-binding days or the exquisite tools of opium smoking, if such articles are allowed to disappear as rapidly as they are today. It is really amazing, and indeed amusing, to see that whereas in the old days women with large feet would resort to artificial devices to make them appear small, today elderly ladies having bound feet are inventing new devices to make their feet appear 'natural.' And all this change in outlook has taken place in my lifetime.

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It must be admitted, however, that habits of thinking and acting that were formed during long centuries cannot be easily eradicated. The use of torture in the law courts, for example, represented a mental habit—the habit of demanding speedy justice, of impatience with investigation, argument and sifting of evidence. The new codes and courts and the prohibition of torture, it is pointed out, cannot do away with this impatience of the 'due process of law,' which is necessarily slow and expensive. It is this old mental habit which endears to the peasants of Shantung their military governor, General Han Fu-chu, who, according to Mr. Hallett Abend, 'acting as governor, magistrate, judge, jury and lawyer at the same time,' hands out 'rough justice' to the people. And Lin Yu-tang, the author of *My Country and My People*, thinks 'the province is lucky which sees the type of enlightened despotism of General Han Fu-chu.' It is probably the same old mental impatience that has made Lin Yu-tang dream of a 'Great Executioner' as the 'Savior of China':—

'Behold, here the great Savior comes. The Great Executioner nails the banner of Justice on the city wall. . . . Whosoever says he is above the law and refuses to bow before the banner will be beheaded and his head will be thrown into the lake. . . . And of those whose heads the Great Executioner chops off, great is the number . . . and the lake is dyed red with their blood of iniquity.'

When I read these beautifully written lines, I cannot help sighing, 'Truly the old mental habits die hard!' But I do not despair. Education and experience will change and rectify them. And they are changing with a truly amazing rapidity. Lin Yu-tang has said:—

'We are an old nation. . . . We do not want to race about in a field for a ball; we prefer to saunter along willow banks to listen to the bird's song and the children's laughter. . . . We do not ache to reach the foot of the mountain when we are in the middle of the lake, and we do not ache to be at the top of the hill when we are at its foot.'

All this is no longer true. We are no longer an old nation. We are a changing and rejuvenated nation. We—Mr. Lin and I and thousands of others—are witnessing our own sons and daughters running about in a field for a ball, swimming in heavy surf and aching to scale the highest peaks of the mountains.

II

In short, China has been more successful in the uprooting of old evils than the outside world has suspected. In the course of a quarter of a century, my people have thrown off the monarchy, together with its vast paraphernalia of vice, which had existed from time immemorial; the practice of foot-binding, which had existed a thousand years; the whole system of education in useless literary gymnastics, which had prevailed at least 1,400 years; the old laws, which were the best examples of what Sir Henry Maine called the ancient laws based on the conception of status; and the law courts, which resorted to torture as the legitimate means to obtain confessions of guilt. These and hundreds of other things have gone overboard almost overnight and, I am quite sure, will never return.

And the most marvelous thing about these fundamental changes in

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China is that they have all come from below and not from the top. This is the point which foreign writers and even Lin Yu-tang have all failed to see. These men, who are most enthusiastic over Japan's successes in modernization and who belittle China's more recent efforts in the same direction, do not realize a fundamental difference: that while in Japan all reforms began with a powerful ruling caste, in China all reformers have been men without political power who have often had to fight against the rulers in order to bring about a change.

Japan was at the height of military feudalism when Western civilization knocked at her doors. She was ruled by a military caste, the *daimyo* and the *samurai*, which in those days numbered 260,000 families and which was politically the most powerful class in the land. When that class was finally convinced of the necessity of change, it had the power to carry out all the reforms it wished. And that class happened to be highly trained in the art and discipline of war. When the *samurai* put on his new uniform and was equipped with the modern arms, he was a ready-made soldier. That is why, of all the non-European nations with whom the Western civilization has come into contact, Japan is the only one which has readily succeeded in mastering the military arts and making the fullest of them. When the military caste had succeeded in solving the problem of national defense and security, the efficacy of the Western civilization was clearly demonstrated to the whole nation, and the remaining task of modernization of the country became easy.

Not so in China. China had no compact ruling class, and the ignorant imperial household was deaf and blind to the demands of a new age. And because for twenty centuries the soldier and the arts of war had always been looked down upon by the whole nation the early attempts at modernization of the army and the navy were doomed to fail miserably. All the changes in the direction of modernization—from the political revolution to the literary renaissance, from foot-binding to bobbed hair—have originated with the people themselves. Every reform has begun with a few advocates, spread with slow diffusion and voluntary following, and finally succeeded when the following grew too powerful to be denied.

III

Let us not be too easily dazzled by the brilliant successes of Japan's modernization. That type of reform under centralized control has the advantages of rapidity, orderliness and capacity for large-scale enterprises. But it also has great disadvantages. The power of initiative is centered in a small but powerful class which is conscious of its leadership and is unwilling to surrender it. It is up to that class to build or to ruin. And the rest of the nation is not accustomed to contest its leadership.

Moreover, class interest and prejudice on the part of that ruling class often lead to the conscious effort to protect certain phases of Japanese national life from modern influence and peaceful change. Today the whole world is discovering how those unchanging phases of medieval Japan are now disturbing the peace of the East and leading the Island Empire into unknown and dangerous paths.

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On the other hand, changes by permeation, as exemplified in modern China, are necessarily slow, sometimes sporadic, and often wasteful because of the amount of undermining and erosion that must take place before any change is possible. Moreover, without centralized direction and control it is impossible to effect rapid reforms in such gigantic undertakings as nation-wide militarization or industrialization. Nevertheless, there are also distinct advantages. Changes from below, since they are voluntary, are more permanent. The people must first be convinced of the superiority of the new over the old before a change is accepted. When a change is at last generally accepted, its reasonableness has already become apparent, and there is little chance of a return of the old order. And again, because of the lack of centralized control by any powerful class, everything is subjected to the contact and influence of new ideas and new institutions. Nothing is protected from this contact and nothing is too sacred to change. In this way, the cultural changes that have taken place in China are invariably more thorough than in Japan.

Yes, it is true that the social, political and intellectual changes in China are far more profound than those in Japan. Political thinking in Japan today is still largely medieval and some of the recent persecutions of 'dangerous thoughts' are simply ridiculous in the eyes of the Chinese intelligentsia. The political revolutions in China since 1911, however unsuccessful in their constructive aspects, have created an environment conducive to free and independent thinking on social, political and cultural matters which is impossible in Japan under dynastic and militaristic taboos.

In religious thought and practice Japan is slavishly medieval and is naïvely ambitious to reconvert China to the medieval religions which Japan once borrowed from her but which Chinese rationalism long since discarded. In social reforms, China has forged far ahead of Japan—in a democratized social structure, in the absence of a ruling military caste and in the much higher and more emancipated position of women.

Thus, contrary to all superficial observations of Japanese modernity and Chinese backwardness, life and institutions in China are more modernized in their essential aspects than in Japan. And the explanation is not difficult.

Last year, I asked a group of Japanese newspaper correspondents in Peiping, 'Who are the thinkers in Japan today?'

After consulting with one another, one of them said: 'I am sorry to say that we have no thinkers at the present time, and we shall have none until after a war with Soviet Russia.'

I put the same question to a prominent member of the Japanese delegation of the Yosemite Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations last August, and his reply was: 'I don't think there is any Japanese whom we can call a thinker.'

We must question the modernity of a nation which either cannot or dares not think for itself. Where there is no free and creative thinking, there cannot be fundamental reforms; and traditional Japan lingers on under the protective shell of superficial modernity till she shall burst in volcanic eruption.

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'But,' the pessimists say, 'all your arguments do not convince us of the ability of China to survive. Will all the social and intellectual changes that China may have achieved give you a political and military machine that can fight your aggressors? How will you answer Lin Yu-tang's complaint that "in China men are individually more mature, but politically and nationally we are as mere children?"'

It is precisely because we are individually mature that we are *not* politically and nationally mere children, easily led. Only those races which are politically and nationally mere children can be led by the nose by a Hitler, by a Mussolini. A mature race cannot be led by the Great Executioner of whom Lin Yu-tang dreams as the Savior of China.

I am quite sure that future historians will record that China has not been without leadership during all these years of her national crisis. A Government that has been able to rally all the centrifugal forces that have been running wild since the collapse of a central authority and to bring about a political unity in five years cannot be without leadership. A Government that, in the face of incredibly provocative and humiliating aggressions and in the face of a nation-wide outcry for immediate war on the invader, has held out for five years without a war, in order to gain time for consolidation and greater strength of resistance, cannot be without leadership. But our leadership is of a type so different from that of the Hitlers and Mussolinis that impatient souls cannot recognize or appreciate it. And, let it be said clearly, this political unity and consolidation and greater strength of resistance are not myths but realities.

As Others See Us

Let me pause, in passing, to marvel at the American liking for long words. It must be something in the air, for I found when I visited some educational establishments that they speak of *alumni* when we speak of *boys*, and even call by the portentous name of *intra-mural competitions* what we are content to describe as *house games;* and is *auditorium* five times as good a word as *hall?*

—Dr. Cyril Alington in the London *Sunday Times*

['*Educational establishments!*' '*Portentous!*' The Editors]

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Songs of Flame

The Horst Wessel Lied

HORST WESSEL, a Nazi student and Storm Trooper who was killed in a street fight with Communists in 1930, is supposed to have written both words and music of the Nazi battle song which bears his name. Wessel is the chief martyr of the Nazi Party and has been proclaimed a national hero.

Die Fahne hoch! Die Reihen fest geschlossen!
S. A. marschiert mit ruhig, festem Schritt.
Kameraden, die Rotfront und Reaktion erschossen,
Marschier'n im Geist in unsern Reihen mit.

Die Strasse frei den braunen Bataillonen!
Die Strasse frei dem Sturmabteilungsmann!
Es schau'n auf's Hakenkreuz voll Hoffnung schon Millionen.
Der Tag für Freiheit und für Brot bricht an.

Zum Letzten mal wird Sturmalarm geblasen!
Zum Kampfe stehn wir alle schon bereit.
Bald flattern Hitlerfahnen über allen Strassen,
Die Knechtschaft dauert nur noch kurze Zeit!

Close up the ranks! Raise high our honored banner!
The storm troops march with calm and steady pace.
Our comrades shot by Red Front and reaction
Amid our ranks in spirit keep their place.

Make way, make way, here come the brown battalions!
Make way, make way, the storm troop men are here!
Upon the Swastika the millions look with longing.
The day of freedom and of bread is near.

At last, at last, we hear the bugle calling!
It finds us armed and eager for the fray.
Soon Hitler's flags will fly throughout the nation,
Soon bitter slav'ry will have passed away.

La Giovinezza (Song of Youth)

GIOVINEZZA has supplanted the *Garibaldi Hymn* as the principal patriotic song of Italy. The original words were written by Salvatore Gotta, the music by Guiseppe Blanc. This Fascist version is the song of the Black Shirts.

Salve, o popolo d'Eroi!
Salve, o Patria immortale!
Son rinati i figli tuoi
Con la fe' nell' ideale!
Il valor dei tuoi guerrieri,
La virtu dei pionieri,
La vision de l'Alighieri
Oggi brilla in tutti i cuor!
Refrain:
Giovinezza, giovinezza,
Primavera di bellezza,
Della vita nell' asprezza
Il tuo canto squilla e va!

Hail, O fatherland of heroes!
Hail, O patria immortal!
Every son and every daughter
Pledges faith in thy ideal.
Valor of thy dauntless fighters,
Courage of thy colonizers,
Dream of Dante Alighieri
Flames today in every heart.
Refrain:
Young Fascisti, Young Fascisti,
Budding flower of purest beauty,
Triumph over every hardship,
Let thy song forever ring.

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Dell' Italia nei confini
Son rifatti gli Italiani;
Le ha rifatti Mussolini
Per la guerra di domani.
Per la gioia del gavoro,
Per la pace e per l'alloro,
Per la gogna di coloro
Che la patria rinnegar.

I poeti e gli artigiani,
I signori e contadini,
Con orgoglio d'Italiani
Giuran fede a Mussolini.
Non v'e povero quartiere
Che non mandi le sue schiere,
Che non spieghi le bandiere
Del fascismo redentor.

All within Italia's borders,
All Italians now resurgent,
Disciplined by Mussolini
For the battles of tomorrow.
Here's to joy we find in working,
Here's to peace and here's to vict'ry;
Here's perdition to the traitors
Who forsake their fatherland.

Poets, artists, and our craftsmen
Masters, peasants, all united
With the pride of true Italians
Pledge their faith to Mussolini.
There is not the poorest quarter
Sends not forth its troops to conquer,
Flies not banners of the party
Of Fascismo which redeems us.

— *Translated by* Louis A. Crisano

The Internationale

COMMUNISTS the world over sing the *Internationale* at their rallies. The original version was in French, written by Eugène Pottier, a worker, under the inspiration of the Paris Commune in 1871. It was set to music by Pierre Degeyter, another French worker, and was first sung in 1888.

Arise, you pris'ners of starvation!
Arise, you wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us.
Arise, you slaves, no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

Refrain:

'Tis the final conflict, let each stand in his place,
The International Soviet shall be the human race!
'Tis the final conflict, let each stand in his place,
The International Soviet shall be the human race!

We want no condescending saviors,
To rule us from a judgment hall;
We workers ask not for their favors,
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty,
To free the spirit from the cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

Toilers from shops and fields united,
The union we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers,
No room here for those who shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

IT IS somewhat surprising that no real 'Song of Flame' has been inspired by the Civil War in Spain. Each of the several groups which support the Insurgents and Loyalists has its own song or songs. While General Franco has proclaimed the old *King's Hymn* as the Nationalist anthem, it is certainly no 'Song of Flame.'

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A novelist criticizes the Coronation; a Scottish sheep-raiser runs afoul of countryside tradition; and a steward on the *Queen Mary* describes his job.

Abbey, Moor *and* Sea

I. Coronation Nightmare

By E. M. Forster

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

A PROCESSION or roundabout of masked creatures. They are terrifying. They are also terrified. Each of them is goggled and snouted against gas. Each holds in her hand—for they are said to be women—each holds in her hand or hides beneath her robe unknown instruments of death. Unknown, because so far untried: it is at all events known that here, in portable form, are lingering poisons and unquenchable fires. As the creatures and their instruments are carried round, each glances behind her in fear, or glances ahead watching her chance to strike. If one attacks, all will attack, and there is no defense, and this they all know. Overhead—but none dare look up: it is unsafe to remember the sky. Underneath is the grinding of the machine upon which they revolve and the figure turning it is veiled.

These creatures are the nations of today as they may perhaps appear to some philosopher or poet in the future. He will regard them with pity rather than indignation, for he will understand better than we can how they come to be as they are. He will grant them a sinister picturesqueness, and as they sweep round one of them will catch his attention as particularly bizarre. Equipped like her sisters, furnished like them for war and against war, she differs from them because she is also tricked out with medieval finery. Ribbons and bunting flap around her mask, relics gleam among the bombs, parchments crackle, there is an odor of incense and consecrated oil in the Lewisite.

She is the British Empire, preparing to celebrate in 1937 a coronation upon an unprecedented scale. Why, the philosopher will wonder, had she to do this? Grant the kingship; grant, also, the ritual; even so, why cannot a king be crowned quietly? Would it not

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be more seemly, considering the appalling state of mankind? Why this colossal expense, when debts are unpaid and areas destitute? Why this ponderous and fictitious gaiety when the British Empire is being carried round and round on the common whirligig of death? And which will happen first, celebration or catastrophe? The veiled figure at the center of the machine, turning it, turning it, alone knows the answer here.

Little Mr. and Mrs. Citizen also receive hints of nightmare as they look at their daily newspapers or listen to their wireless. 'I'm afraid this coronation is going to be rather overdone' is the way they express it. Or, 'I wish everything was not so run to death.'

They approve the idea of a coronation; they know that the monarchy is traditional in England and the Empire, that it is part of the British Constitution, and that it has a peculiar value at the present moment because it is a safety valve for emotions which might otherwise turn towards dictatorship. But they suspect that it is being 'run to death;' that they are being exploited by some power which they do not understand, and though they will produce the required hysteria they will feel ashamed of themselves afterwards, as they were after the Wembley Exposition.

'Who is running this coronation, who is behind it?' they keep wondering. Their common sense and their good feeling tell them that it is not being 'run' by royalty; it cannot be due to any personal vanity of the King and Queen. Yet it is redundant constitutionally, for the documents which the King signs crownless are just as valid as those which he signs crowned. And the claims of ecclesiasticism—surely they could be just as well satisfied by a more moderate ritual. So what is the driving force? Little Mr. and Mrs. Citizen wonder, until their friend, who is more cynical than they are, exclaims, 'Don't you see? A coronation's good for trade.'

Good for trade. Exactly. Like armaments. Now we come down to brass tacks. The bank books of costumiers and contractors will benefit, and large sums of money will be brought into the mother country by colonial visitors. We shall all make a little and that will be very nice. Though, of course, there must be no profiteering. Profiteering would spell national disgrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Citizen begin to see money rising and falling before their eyes, like mercury in a thermometer. Up to a point it is laudable to make money out of the coronation, beyond that point it is damnable. When does the point come? Their friend cannot tell them, he only tells them not to fuss, and as for the newspapers—they deplore overcharging in their leading articles and advertise hundred-guinea balconies on the front page.

The more one reflects on the approaching ceremony, the more does its commercial aspect stick out. Attempts have been made to spiritualize it, but it is too cumbersome and refractory to respond. Last December the National Recall to Religion made its inauspicious and unchivalrous start, but even if it had been launched more tactfully it could not have proceeded far. For a short time it placed churchgoing on the level of professional football, and caused eight thousand people to motor to Sandringham for the purpose of watching the royal family

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attend divine service. The only genuine Recall to Religion would be an international one, a throwing away of the guns and the gold, an upward glance to the over-arching sky; and none dare initiate that, because of Fear.

In Hyde Park today thousands of daffodils will never flower because of the stands which have been erected on the beds, and people will pay vast sums to sit on the stands and watch the procession. The fate of the daffodils is symbolical; crushed beneath great superstructures of steel and wood, the spiritual life finds little in Coronation Year to exalt it to the sky. Commerce on the one hand. Over-statements on the other.

Perhaps the over-statements are not serious, yet there has been of late years an attempt to 'boost' the monarchy and to present the reigning monarch as a demi-god. This subject has been well dealt with by contemporary critics. They have traced the fluctuations and fall of a legend—the fall taking place at the Abdication. The Abdication—whatever our views about it—reminded us that kings are human beings, and it is a very good thing that it did this, and Coronation Year must not be allowed to undo its work and to become the vehicle for unconstitutional nonsense. The more nonsense is talked, the better all republicans will be pleased, for king-worship plays into their hands.

Whereas little Mr. and Mrs. Citizen, who are loyal to the monarchy, want it to be representative and quiet. They know that the newspapers and even the wireless are again distorting royalty and being far too solemn over trifles like colds, tea-parties and dolls. This would not have worried them once, but the papers are also full of Ethiopia, Spain, Russia, Japan—the whole terrifying roundabout. The world is one, and the various parts of it are growing closer to one another. There is 1937 in Madrid as well as on the Processional Route; the same sunsets, the same dawns.

II. Steward on the *Queen Mary*

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London
Independent Weekly of the Left

BREATHING hard, my back sore and aching, knees trembling from such unaccustomed work, I lowered the sack of potatoes to the deck and wiped the sweat from my eyes.

Gone was the thrill of pride that I had felt on becoming a member of the *Queen Mary's* crew.

To be picked to serve on the finest liner that had ever been known, winner of the Blue Ribbon for England, mighty symbol of our power on the seas, had seemed no small honor to me.

My feelings had soon changed. For three hours I had strained and panted my way up and down the sharply inclined gangway with heavy bags of linen, huge boxes of fish, sacks of potatoes. Sharp edges of boxes had cut hard into my shoulders, my hands were puffed and swollen.

Like the average waiter I am of slight build, and the work that I now

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found myself engaged on required the strength and build of a navvy.

'Shake it up there!'

I went back on the dock and joined the rest of the gang. The milk had arrived—some three hundred huge urns—and we spread out and made a human chain. We each grasped one handle of an urn and thus linked together proceeded slowly aboard. If the leader went too fast, your arms were extended at full length; too slow, and the sharp edges of the urns cut into your ankles.

An hour for lunch. When we returned we found a railway van loaded with meat awaiting us. Under the crippling weight of a side of beef I staggered aboard and, stepping from the hot steampipe-lined alleyway into the refrigerator, waited some few minutes in my thin white jacket until relieved of my burden by the butchers.

And so it went on all day.

Even the hardened and experienced ones found it necessary to hide in the toilets for a few minutes' rest and a smoke.

The next day we sailed and I was on duty sharp at 7 a. m. for muster. Boat drill over, I reported to the dining saloon.

After setting the table allotted me with silver, glass, etc., I was given a bucket and scrubbing brush, and with three others I scrubbed down the main staircase. Immediately after this we changed into uniform as the passenger train was now due, and it was our job to carry aboard all the hand baggage. As soon as we left dock it was time to serve lunch.

For sheer non-stop labor it was the hardest job I have ever known: stop for a single minute and some official would find you something to do. Serving lunch was a mad rush. By the time it was over I was soaked through with sweat. Down to my bunk, change and up again to help wash the huge pile of dirty silver. It took twenty of us well over an hour to do this. The amount of plates, glass, silver and crockery used for one meal was almost incredible.

Away and change again to carry baggage, as we were nearing Cherbourg. Those of us not carrying baggage were detailed to serve tea in the lounges or on deck.

A short break and dinner was upon us. Two hours of running the length of the dining-room to the kitchen, scrambling for plates, glasses, etc., until my stiff collar was limp, my clean shirt once more wet through.

We got our own meals after the passengers had finished. We ate standing up in the pantry, for there was no time to go below to the mess-room. The food was good, and I certainly needed something substantial to fortify myself against the strain. I had noticed that most of the stewards looked very tired-eyed and weary—now I knew why.

Silver again. After this, some of us were detailed to serving drinks in the various lounges and smoking-rooms. In the small hours of the morning I at last finished and sought my bunk. It was situated aft, over the propellers and two decks down. I was one of twenty-five in the stewards' 'Glory Hole.' A table and two short stools completed its furnishing, and the contrast between the lavishly decorated passengers' quarters was very striking.

We were now at full speed and the vibration was terrific. Compared to the movement amidships it was like another world. I jumped up onto my

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bunk and, taking off my shoes, placed them on the cross-beam, a time-honored place in a ship for these articles. Not in this one! A few seconds and the vibration shook them loose and they fell on my head. Wearily I undressed and crawled between the sheets. Tired as I was, the noise and vibration prevented me sleeping. The back of a motor cycle going at full speed over a rough road was a peaceful perch compared to my bunk. I lay awake, mentally computing my hours of labor so far and found them to be eighteen. My God! and workers ashore grumble at a forty-four-hour week.

The *Queen Mary* was built to make work and she certainly does fulfil her mission!

At last I dozed. In no time the night watchman was shaking me and saying it was 5.30 and time to start. I dragged my aching bones down to the pantry and got a cup of tea before starting promptly at 6.00.

I then carried several cases of beer and spirits up four decks to the smoking-room bar. There was a lift, but it had jammed. After this, a scrub-out in the dining-room and off to change and shave.

Breakfast was a long-drawn-out meal, involving standing by my table for two hours until my people came down.

Silver wash-up again! I was getting a bad complex over this silver. It was always there waiting after each meal to be washed and polished, with us knowing it would have to be done all over again.

After I had finished the silver I burnished four port-holes and then found myself free for an hour.

Time to serve lunch! Off again. Hurrying here, scurrying there, bumping into each other, swearing hard under our breath, keeping our tempers with difficulty.

'Go ahead, boy! What the hell. It's only for four days.'

And so the 'boys' carried on. They had no choice.

At times I did not know what day it was, for each was so long and like another.

Weary and worn out, my feet swollen, tired to my bones, I *just* carried on, cursing the vibration that stole the few hours of sleep from me, dreaming only of the time when I could get off the ship.

Monday! and with it—New York. Passengers off, baggage all carried ashore, we prepared to clean ship. Decks were scrubbed, brass burnished, furniture polished, until everything was immaculate, fit for the sightseers to be shown over and express their admiration of the ship's beauty. But they never saw the Glory Hole! What was there for us to do that night but get drunk ashore after the manner of sailors? One must forget somehow.

The next day I dreaded; it was like the embarkation at Southampton: straining muscles, aching back. Bitter indeed were some of the crew's comments. For them the *Queen Mary* holds no illusions. They know! I fell into my bunk after we finished carrying on board the stores, and I had my first decent sleep in five days—the first free from that accursed noise and vibration.

But still, I thought wearily, the food is good. It really couldn't be more varied or luxurious. I realized that looking back. At the time, standing up too exhausted to eat, I did not notice the flavor.

I wondered how the fish and the

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gulls felt about it, whether the abundance they received of the expensive, perishable viands the passengers didn't happen to fancy would modify the species. It wasn't bought for the waiters or the fish or the birds. It all belonged to that system of 'conspicuous waste' I'd heard about. Anyway, it went to show England's glory.

I was too 'all in' to calculate how many down-and-outs could have been fed for the money dumped in the Atlantic each four days if only the passengers could face a more restricted, non-perishable menu.

The trip home was just a repetition of the outward voyage; a full passenger list called for the same high speed of work. Eighteen hours of hard, hurried labor each and every day.

I had long decided that £8 a month and tips could not compensate for the hours and the work involved. My health was beginning to suffer and I handed in my notice without delay. The honor of serving on the world's finest liner was not enough to prevent me signing off at Southampton, and I left the *Queen Mary* a wiser and certainly a much more tired man.

III. Country Humanity

By Allan Fraser

From the *Countryman*, Rural Life Quarterly, Published at Idbury, Kingham, Oxfordshire

Too many of our ewes had died in previous years shortly after lambing. They died of what was obviously an infection, and I suspected the shepherd of carrying the infection from one ewe to the next. This, then, was my plan. One hundred ewes, ready to lamb, were to be turned into a field and left there, throughout the lambing, by themselves. No shepherd was to go near them. Any sick ewes or weak lambs were to be left to recover or die. The number of ewes infected in this flock was to be compared with that in the main flock lambed by the shepherd in the usual way. The results, I thought, would be informative.

When an animal dies on the moor, the sky, previously void of bird-life, is soon dotted with vultures wheeling down on their prey. So, apparently, country people gather when a beast is in pain. I stepped over the gap in the hawthorn hedge. A ewe, muttering in the matronly way of a sheep full of milk, was licking the youngest of a pair of new-born twins. The lambs poked at her flanks in search for her teats.

A voice behind me said: 'They'll come to her, they'll come to her. She's plenty of milk.'

I turned, surprised. The dairyman from a neighboring farm squatted at the back of the hedge, his mild eyes full of the quiet triumph of one who has assisted a birth.

'She needed a bit help with the first,' he went on, 'but the second came fine and easy.'

'I don't want anybody to touch these sheep,' I explained.

'Then you'll need to be about earlier yersel,' he replied. 'My lassie that was on her way to the school came running in to say there was a ewe lambing over here and no one in sight.'

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I explained the object of the experiment. He was unimpressed. He assured me that if I had the sense to use a proprietary drench of widespread popularity I wouldn't have inflammation in my ewes. We parted coldly. I was sorry, because I had always liked the mild-eyed dairyman.

For a week the experiment proceeded according to plan. Then one morning, one of those fine mornings when larks sing, grass grows and sheep make milk, I found my friend the postman, bare-armed and scarlet-faced, deep in obstetrics. I curbed profanity.

'What do you think you're doing?' I demanded.

'It's coming,' he grunted. 'There was nothing but the back, but I've got hold of the legs.'

With the postman's assistance a big single lamb was born. Wet and gasping, it flapped on the ground like a newly-landed trout. I told the postman in plain language that his job was the delivery of mails. His excuse was that he had put his bike against the hedge and waited an hour for the shepherd to appear. I explained the experiment to him.

He wiped his hands with a wisp of withered grass and said, 'If it was your wife that was in it you'd pull the doctor from his bed.'

I felt miserable at the dislike I saw in his eyes.

From that day onward the experiment never had a chance. It became country gossip. Quite rapidly I became the enemy of my friends. One day there was a really bad case—without skilled assistance the ewe might die unlambed. Against all my instincts, I stood inactive beside the hedge. From behind me, beyond the hawthorns, came the whisperings of rage. I heard a woman's voice: 'It's the cruelty man he needs!'

Then to the mutterings of wrath succeeded the gasp of relief at the coming of a leader. The woman said: 'I heard him sweir the ither nicht that if it was to happen again he just wouldna bide it though it would maybe be the death o' him.'

I looked across to the cottage, a mile away, where lived old Mr. Lobban, a grand old man among sheep in his day, who had never left his garden for the last two years. I saw him unlatch the gate and hobble out over the fields, his white beard like the sail of a gallant ship, drifting slowly down on his mistaken mission of mercy.

I could not stand Mr. Lobban's furious scorn. I tore off my jacket, rolled up my sleeves, and turned to the muttering company behind the hedge. 'Will anybody give me a hand with this sheep?'

There was no lack of assistants. When the job was done, I looked up. Mr. Lobban was in full yet proud retreat. Was his head held higher, was his walk more brisk? He had dropped ten years!

I told the shepherd that night how the experiment had failed. Immediately we were friends again. I was more glad than I cared to show. We had faced ten stormy winters together. He scraped his stubbled chin with the back of his hand, a sign that he was pleased.

'They needna have fashed theirsels!' he said. 'I had my orders, but I was niver far awa' if there'd onything gane badly wrang and naebody else in sicht!'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Biographies Old and New

By Harold Nicolson

From the *Listener*, London

It is high time, I feel, that something were said, or even done, about this biography racket. When I was a young man we used to start by writing poetry, which (wisely enough) most of us kept as a purely private vice; we then, at the age of about nineteen, began our first novel, which was generally in the style of Mr. Compton Mackenzie; but as our poems were too shaming to be shown and our novels too bad to be accepted nothing further happened. Most of us thereafter gave up all idea of a literary profession and settled down to honest work. Nowadays this weeding-out process does not occur. Instead of circulating their sugared sonnets among their private friends, instead of working out that great autobiographical novel which spent so much of its time in the past, the nymphs and swains of today sit down and write a biography; and such is the public appetite for this form of literature that even the most foolish nymph, even the most idiotic swain, is all too liable to find a publisher.

As a biographer myself I resent this flooding of what was once a leisurely market; as a man who cares much for the standards and reputation of English letters, I regret the spate of third-rate biographies which degrade the levels of public appreciation; and as a person who takes a perfectly healthy interest in the strange twistings of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, I watch with some distress the modern tendency to devote to the writing and reading of biography those energies which should be applied to such commendable pursuits as the study of history, the investigation of human conduct, or the exhilarating pastime of gossip about the illustrious dead.

I am glad, therefore, to have the chance of discussing what biography is, after all, about. I want to examine whether, from a study of the long and, on the whole, honorable history of English biography, it is possible to arrive at any principles or touchstones by which to test whether any given biography is good or bad. I want to discuss why it is that the present generation is so entranced by biography and how far its delight is respectable or the reverse. And I want to suggest why, in my opinion, certain old and new biographies are either to be praised or blamed.

Now what, in the first place, *is* biography? I refer, as always in such cases, to the *Oxford Dictionary* and I find the following definition: 'Biography is the history of the lives of individual men written as a branch of literature.' I consider that definition to be both ingenious and neat in that in few and pardonably pompous words it does enumerate what are the three essentials of a good biography. It must be the 'history of a life': in other words, it must be true. That is the first essential.

'The value,' wrote Dr. Johnson (who was at once the greatest exponent and the greatest victim of the art of biography), 'of every story depends upon its being true. A story is the picture either of an individual or of human life in general. If it is false, it is a picture of nothing.' It is the same with biography; no biography can be of any value unless it be strictly true.

So much for the first point. What is the second essential? A biography, according to the *Oxford Dictionary*, must tell the true story of the life of an individual person. In other words, it must convey to us in a convincing manner a picture, not of an ethical or heroic type, but of a once living man or woman.

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And what is the third essential? The third essential is that a biography should be written as a branch of literature, or in other words, that it should, in respect of structure and style, be conceived as a work of art.

Let me illustrate what I mean by these three great necessities. The worst biography that I have ever read is Lady Burton's life of her errant but most remarkable husband. It is demonstrably untrue. It conveys the picture, not of a living being, but of the sort of person whom Lady Burton, in her most imaginative moments, would have wished her husband to be. And so far from being written as a branch of literature it is written as a branch of parish magazine journalism. On the other hand, take the greatest biography in the English language—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. It is certainly true. It makes Johnson familiar to us as no great figure of the past is rendered familiar. And it is constructed, and even written, with great literary power.

I admit that one can make many reservations regarding this eulogy. I admit that the *Life* is not, as a branch of literature, to be compared to the *Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides*. But the fact remains that as an example of perfect biography even Lockhart's *Scott* can scarcely hold a candle to Boswell.

How comes it therefore that these three great principles of truth, vividness and artistry have, in the long, and, I repeat, honorable, history of English biography, been so flagrantly and so frequently violated? The answer is, I think, that biography is exposed to two subtle diseases which it has inherited from the distant past.

The first of these diseases is what may be called the 'commemorative instinct.' Somebody dies and his or her survivors, in a mood of affectionate regard, decide to commemorate his or her life, character and actions in the form of a book. They do not wish this book to be undertaken by any person who either does not share their affectionate regard or who is likely to resist the family pressure which may be put upon him. They therefore choose as the biographer not a person cognizant of the history of the time or of the art of biography, but Cousin Effie down at Bournemouth who once wrote such a sweet little book upon Devon wild flowers. The result is a volume, or all too often two volumes, in which sentimentality, regard for older relations, incompetence and downright lying are delicately interwoven.

The second disease from which biography suffers is the desire to teach or to preach. I am not referring only to avowed hagiographies or Lives of the Saints, but to those more subtle perversions of human personality which abound to this day. These books concentrate, not upon providing us with the portrait of an individual being, but on developing a type. Some special characteristic (such as courage, endurance, self-sacrifice or just virtue) is taken as the central core of the book and all other characteristics are deliberately subordinated to this dominant note or tone. Plutarch and his imitators were the worst offenders in this habit of writing biographies as if they were a pavement pattern of alternating squares of complete black and snowy white. Human beings are far more variegated than that, and the attempt to portray them as types rather than as individuals leads to highly improper biography.

THE distinction (and I should not wish to exaggerate it into either a conflict or a contrast) between the old and the new biography is that in the twentieth century biographers have become aware of these two dangerous illnesses—the commemorative danger and the preaching danger. They have therefore reacted against these weaknesses in favor of what they would call 'the complete personality' and in order to enhance their moldings of the imperfections of the human frame they have introduced the subtle little sidelight of irony. In the hands of a serious person,

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such as Froude or Lytton Strachey, the resultant portrait is in most cases not demonstrably unfair. But people of less skill and less integrity should avoid the ironical method as they would avoid poison. For if the temptation of nineteenth-century biographers was to overestimate their subjects, the temptation of twentieth-century biographers is to patronize or to sneer. And from the point of view of biography either temptation is fatal.

As an illustration of what I have been saying I would ask you to compare Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* with his *Queen Victoria*. In the former, he took a single characteristic of his subjects and exaggerated it until it gave the dominant tone to his portrait. It so happened that the characteristic which he chose was an unamiable rather than an amiable characteristic. Yet none the less he was committing the sin of trying to preach, or in other words he was trying to impose his own interpretation of these giant ghosts of the past rather than to leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from a balanced statement of personality. That touch of strained caricature, that slight echo of a giggle, which hang over *Eminent Victorians*, render that sprightly book almost unreadable today. On the other hand, Strachey's *Queen Victoria* will for long remain a masterpiece of English biography. The reason being that, although he began by sniggering slightly, he ended by becoming serious. And the complete portrait is one of a tremendous individual, truthfully rendered, and in construction and form superbly composed. I should ask those of you who are disinclined to agree with my theories to read again *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria*. I think you will find that the impression left upon you on reading these popular works again is that the former are amusing magazine articles which were great fun at the time, and that the second is a great English book, which is likely to endure for many years.

Is it therefore impossible to combine truth with reverence and reverence with truthfulness? I do not think so. Sir Edmund Gosse's study of his father is certainly truthful and yet it could not be said to be lacking in essential reverence. A book like Mr. Evelyn Waugh's study of Campion is certainly reverent—it is in fact almost an essay in hagiography—but it is also truthful. I should myself regard the latter book as perhaps the best biography written in the last five years. It is true that it is the story of an individual; and it is written as a branch of literature. But it is also something more. It is a spiritual tonic in that it raises our confidence in human character. Does that mean that I am becoming reactionary in my old age and preferring ideal portraits of beautiful characters to living representations of real men and women? Let me explain my point of view, since by so doing I can make some suggestions regarding the modern taste for biography and the directions in which the art of biography is likely to develop.

I HAVE a feeling that the taste for biography is likely to decline within the next few years. There will always remain a wide reading public which has a taste for amatory and other gossip about the great and an even wider public which enjoys getting its history without tears. Yet I believe that the present somewhat exaggerated passion for biography will tend to diminish in intensity and for a somewhat curious reason. This reason is as follows.

If one examines the history of biography in this country, and indeed in every country, one is struck by the fact that the demand for biography comes in waves. Thus in the fourteenth century there was an impulse towards good biography and in the fifteenth century that impulse waned. In the sixteenth century biography again advanced, only to show a further regression in the century that followed. Between 1740 and 1840 the art of biography and

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the taste of the reading public reached a supreme standard of excellence, yet both the supply and demand declined in quality, if not in quantity, in the later decades of the nineteenth century. Surely there must be some root cause for these rhythmic fluctuatons, deeper than the mere ebb and flow of public appreciation.

I think that careful examination will show that biography waxed and waned concurrently with the waning or waxing of public interest in human nature, and that these phases coincide curiously enough with the ebb and flow of religious belief. In those times when the interests and convictions of average persons are concentrated upon the eternal verities and the future life, you are apt to have a decline of interest in the details of human personality. The emphasis at such moments is thrown not upon the analysis of human frailty but upon a synthetic representation of a single human virtue. Now during those periods when the analytical element predominates you have a rise in the production of biography; and when the synthetic element predominates you have a decline in biography. Or, to put the thing more simply, during those phases in human development when people are reëxamining the theories of the previous generation, the general interest concentrates upon human conduct as it actually is; when people have got tired of pulling past ideas to pieces and start wanting to create new ideas of their own, then the general interest shifts from what men and women actually *are* to what men and women ought to be, in other words it shifts from facts to ideas.

I am convinced myself that we are about to enter a phase, if we have not already entered it, when what might be called the 'religious' attitude toward life is about to succeed the 'realistic' or, more accurately, the 'relativistic' attitude. As this process develops, people will begin to expect from biography not entertainment only but something more than mere gossip, something more even than information. They will demand a higher literary standard and a more definite interpretation of life in general rather than of life in particular. When that happens the serious biographies will become more welcome than the frivolous biographies and the swains and nymphs of the future will go back to their poetry and their autobiographical novels.

I do not believe, however, that English biography, unless it becomes blurred by fanaticism and the purely materialistic conception of history, will ever revert to the great white lies of the Victorian epoch. And to all those who are at this moment contemplating a biography I should give this advice. Never start upon the biography of any man or woman whom you do not admire both morally and intellectually. Without a deep inner respect for the subject whom you are examining, you will find you degenerate into sneers, or irritation or empty jokes. But once you are perfectly certain that you admire and respect the central essence of your subject, then do not allow yourself to suppress his or her faults, peculiarities and mistakes. The days are over, I believe, when any young biographer can hope to succeed by choosing an idol whom he dislikes and proceeding to destroy that idol. But if you are certain in your own heart that your idol is made of stone and not of plaster, then a few chips here and there will not matter, nor need you hesitate to remove the whitewash and the paint.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The State of Europe

Schicksalstunde Europas. *By Prince Karl Anton de Rohan. Graz: Leykam Verlag. 1937.*

(Marcel Brion in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

EUROPE is a post-War conception. There was time when men, grown wiser in the cataclysm of war, thought that the only way of preventing new conflicts was to create the State of Europe. The truth is that Europe never was a social reality; it is hardly a geographical unit. The eighteenth-century philosophers had had a similar idea, and it would be interesting to compare the political convulsions that set the Encyclopedists and the moralists of the Era of Enlightenment on that track with those that inspired the post-War reformers. As a matter of fact, if there ever was a moment of European solidarity, it was precisely the moment when the war-weary nations laid down their weapons with a sigh of relief.

The idea of the State of Europe as conceived by the intellectual élite of the belligerents was one of the bravest efforts that modern society has ever made to escape disorder and annihilation. The League of Nations was the realization of at least a part of this ideal; the rest was to be accomplished by the wisdom and good-will of men who were supposed to have been taught a lesson by their frightful experience. Unfortunately the old Greek myth of Europa's ravishment is still true today, and the men who wish another destiny for her see their hopes grow fainter every day.

Prominent among the men who have best served the idea of Europe stands Prince Karl Anton de Rohan who, by founding and editing the *Europäische Revue* in Berlin, gave shape and means of expression to the vague and unformulated ideal. Incidentally, the history of reviews that were founded after the war, many of them short-lived, would be an interesting subject to write about and would contribute much to the understanding of our times. Prince de Rohan never gave up his courageous, if optimistic, idea of the possibility of Europe as a social unit. It may be, of course, that the unifying factors will prevail one day over the destructive ones and that Europe will no longer be ravaged by internal struggles.

Europe, it is true, has existed in certain periods of history as a collective unit but in those epochs spiritual factors had the ascendancy over politics and economics. In them, through the centuries, Europe has had her 'fateful hours,' which Prince de Rohan has chosen for the title of his latest book.

Upon embarking on his task of discovering the reasons for the decline of the idea of Europe, of which he is so ardent an exponent, Prince de Rohan first considers the present state of things, which is only natural since pragmatism is one of the principal parts of his creed and since with him analysis must always precede any conclusion. And so he analyzes the reasons why the European heritage is today in such a precarious state—insofar as the holders of this heritage, instead of enjoying it collectively, are fiercely disputing over its dismembered body.

European heritage—it is a significant phrase. It implies that those who have received the intellectual wealth slowly amassed through the ages, have a responsibility: their duty is to maintain and conserve this wealth. Here we have one of the strongest arguments for Europeanism which no sophism can change. Europe as a spiritual and moral reality does exist. Whether we want it or not we live in the midst of European culture, which consists of a certain manner of thinking and feel-

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ing, a set of physical and mental customs, which cannot be destroyed by mere denial. And no matter how much of a crime it is today for a man to feel and to think as a European, it is nonetheless true that he *is* one.

But what does it mean to be European? Here Prince de Rohan shows a most ingenious discrimination. He finds that one of the chief reasons for the European tragedy is the fact that 'the traditionless nomad of the machine age was cut off from all the roots that connected him with that heritage.'

It is true that almost the whole world has become to a certain degree European in the sense that it has acquired European culture and technique. We run the risk of losing sight of the true Europeanism by packing too many meanings into the word; we need a more precise definition. In defining European spirit, Prince de Rohan emphasizes first of all the religious element. It is evident that Christianity has played a large part in Europeanism; it is precisely when Christianity reached its peak in the Middle Ages that we find one of those moments of European unity which are to occur periodically in the course of subsequent history. At that time Christianity was the matrix and the axis of a European society; it remained strongly unified and homogeneous, in spite of discords dividing the nations. Love, that powerful unifying force, had then taken the form of love of God; in the eighteenth century it was love of humanity, as preached by Rousseau, that attempted anew the task of unification.

The unifying influence of love was all the more necessary since a profound duality divided the European spirit. Prince de Rohan describes this in a striking manner. On one side we see the saint, the mystic, the priest, the Pope, Eckhart, St. Francis of Assisi, the idealist, the philosopher, all the exponents of the *vita contemplativa*. He contrasts them with their corresponding antagonists: the hero, the conqueror, the noble, the emperor, Siegfried, Don Juan, the practitioner, the realist, the politician, all of them exponents of the *vita activa*.

This synthesis is a curious one; it stimulates the imagination of the reader who begins to understand how hard it is to harmonize such contrasting tendencies. Europeanism is the result when those tendencies balance each other in the history of society.

Let us say at once that while the author touches on all subjects, he never does it in a superficial manner or as a brilliant exercise of imagination. All things have their point; each fact teaches a lesson; every idea is as clear as a ray of light. The fact that the idea on which the book is based is apparent in every page and that there is a wealth of material to illustrate it explains only in part the powerful attraction of this work; the quality that holds our attention is mostly its exceptional originality. It makes us think, stimulating our curiosity with an inexhaustible wealth of varied subjects.

Particularly is this the case when we come to the positive part of the book in which Prince de Rohan examines existing political conditions in France and speculates upon whether the European spirit could fulfill itself in the present-day world. Here we see him not only as a philosopher but also as a man of action, a man who has never ceased to desire and hope for the establishment of the State of Europe, and who knows that all hope is futile as long as it remains upon a theoretical plane.

Definitive Doughty

Travels in Arabia Deserta. Two Volumes. *By C. M. Doughty. With an Introduction by T. E. Lawrence. London: Jonathan Cape. 1937.*

(Christopher Sykes in the *Spectator*, London)

THESE two volumes are uniform with the publishers' recent edition of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. They contain T. E. Lawrence's introduction, written for Philip

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Lee Warner and Jonathan Cape in 1921, with Doughty's prefaces to the first three editions of his work, and supplemented by an admirable map. With the exception of the latter the contents are identical with those of Jonathan Cape's last edition (1930). The present volumes are beautifully bound and printed, and the publishers deserve thanks for the first worthy edition of this great book.

My last adjective disquiets me. To estimate Doughty—I would as soon be surprised patting Homer's noble old head. The abundant recognition of his achievement, and this edition is a signal of it, is as inevitable and as wonderfully deserved as any tribute to real greatness, howsoever impressive. A succession of orientalists have been unable to bring a charge against his accuracy; fastidious stylists have deplored and detested his style, but a close study of the book and of the man have brought them all to acknowledgement of its effective success. In no other manner could *Arabia Deserta* have been described. The work itself is unassailable, and only demands that more English people should read and know this miracle of the English language; but the reappearance of the book prompts one to consider how Doughty, that astonishing mountain in our landscape, appears in the recess of time.

Although born in 1843 and set firmly in the nineteenth century Doughty had little contact with his own period. He proved the paradox that, though almost devoid of *l'esprit de son age*, a man can be greater than his age. With him the absence of qualities common to, and cultivated by, the most remarkable men of his time served as a strange strength. Although he was the most determined revivalist in the age of the Gothic revival, yet in his writings there is hardly a trace of the romantic feeling; in that age of recorded groans and tears he was without a vestige of sentimentality. What other great contemporary writer, in like circumstances, would have given so matter-of-fact an account of Petra, where Doughty shows emotion in only one, and that one of the shortest, of his enormous sentences?

And, again, in that age of high spirits and the horseplay of genius, he was nearly devoid of a sense of humor. D. G. Hogarth loyally attempted to refute this charge, fatal to an English reputation, but when one considers Doughty's whole work the refutation does no service to his memory. Like Henry James, he was 'hagridden by observation,' and in so far as observation so intense as to deserve the name of genius is not possible without a sense of humor, he was correspondingly endowed. That much sense of humor he had, but no more. And the result of this fine proportion in his temperament was that at no point was his observation thrown off the scent by appeals to boisterous comedy. His Arabs are appalling, wonderful, real; never 'outlandish;' always credible. And so when he speaks of them sitting to the eyes in a cloaca, but with their brows touching Heaven, the passage, which, by itself, might have been written by another, is perhaps one of the most impressive in all our literature.

Although Doughty produced nothing till he was over forty, and though it was almost an accident which made Arabia the central scene of his life, that life was a singular whole, homogeneous with an astounding single-mindedness, and, when it is considered that he was a traveler only comparable to Burton, strangely uneventful. Like many great men he had an accurate idea of his stature in the world.

'I hope,' he wrote in 1886, 'the learned man will not tilt at my English; he will but make Chaucer and divine Spenser bleed, and weep for me. It (*Arabia Deserta*) has occupied all my times for these many years and I have taken great pains and so far as the seeing of one pair of eyes can suffice and Nature can be portrayed in words, it is the mere truth of things according to my conscience.'

The intentions of his life—science, patriotism, and the salvation of the English language—never altered from his youth to

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his age. No feat of English literature after Spenser did not fill him with horror at the degeneracy of his race. In the forming of his own style he went back to Chaucer and Spenser, and from the latter point he built up, regardless of what had been done in subsequent centuries. He owed no debt to Shakespeare. In his epic poetry he owed nothing to Milton. The incredible fact is that he succeeded. As Robert Bridges wrote to him on the first appearance of *Arabia Deserta:* 'The style and the English are sustained at the height at which you boldly imagined them.'

Such strength of will and character (the passions of Islam made no inroad on his saintly and incorruptible agnosticism) could hardly fail. Yet in one respect Doughty failed completely. He desired to inaugurate a renaissance of the English language. Like others of the greatest artists he begot little. Raphael, Händel, Rembrandt, Mozart all owe a heavy debt to mankind. And likewise Doughty's gigantic achievement has weighed like lead on other writers on oriental subjects. Much real talent has perished in the vain attempt to capture his impossible and perfect style.

India's Constitution

THE INDIAN FEDERATION. *By Sir Shafa'at Ahmad Khan. London: Macmillan. 1937.*

(Lord Meston in the *Sunday Times*, London)

WE British are a strange people. It is one of our proud boasts that we have no written Constitution; and yet we have endowed India, by Act of Parliament, with a Constitution which is unique both in complexity and in volume. In some measure the elaboration reflects the vastness and the infinite variety of the Indian scene. But it is also due to the tremendous power for good or ill which we are handing over to Indian leaders, and to our anxiety that it should not, through inexperience or otherwise, be misused.

Hence the network of checks and safeguards with which the new Governments are hedged about—safeguards many of which have never been known in our political practice, or else have long been forgotten. Add to this what the new Constitution aims at doing for the first time in history—bringing into one federation a number of Provinces, democratic at least in theory, and several hundreds of autocratic States, some of them as big as the United Kingdom and others smaller than the Isle of Man. Small wonder that the Act of Constitution ran into two fat volumes!

Such is the structure which Sir Shafa'at Ahmad Khan sets out to describe. The book, as he modestly explains, is not a legal commentary, but a guide to studying the Act, 'an Exposition and Critical Review,' to quote its sub-title. On the expository side it is excellent, being largely a sketch of the influences which molded the Constitution during the seven years of its gestation.

For this task the author has special qualifications, having sat at the three Round Tables in 1930–1932, and with the Joint Parliamentary Committee which drafted the Bill in 1933. He brings out the constant pressure of the Indian leaders for further concessions, the arguments for and against the various safeguards and some of the future danger-points. Caution, however, is necessary in accepting some of his views. There seems no substance, for example, in his prophecy that the Central Government will gradually absorb the powers of the Provinces, or that the paramount authority of the Crown over the Princes will be strengthened by the federation. The effect in both cases will be exactly the reverse.

On the critical side of his review Sir Shafa'at is not so happy. He gets into particular trouble over federal finance. Of all the problems in Indian administration, finance is perhaps the most intricate and difficult; but there is no subject on which the amateur waxes more confident in his nostrums and his censure. It is as old as British rule, this conundrum of how to

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distribute the revenues of the country fairly between a central Government and the various provincial units. It is like a huge partnership, in which the profits of the business are distributed not according to the efforts of the individual partners, but according to their private needs; and no partner is ever convinced that he is not being bled by the others.

In the Indian partnership it is no paradox to say that the only solutions attended with even moderate success have been those which have pleased nobody. The latest attempt at a settlement was made a year ago by Sir Otto Niemeyer, over whose report our author flounders, as he does over previous awards. The proposals, he starts off by saying, are 'distinguished by their impartiality and equity;' only to conclude, after reciting them almost verbally, that 'the scheme is inequitable and unfair,' inspired by 'no formative principle.' It is difficult to attach value to criticism of this sort.

Inconsistency unhappily is inherent in Sir Shafa'at's position, and we must not judge it too harshly. Becoming, as he is, one of the recognized leaders of the Indian Moslems, he finds himself between the horns of the dilemma. which is gravely perturbing his whole community—at least, those of the younger generation. So long as the British rule was absolute, they relied on it as their protection against the superiority in numbers and intellectual agility of the Hindus. When it was certain that the Government was to pass largely into Indian hands, the Moslems claimed, and were given, abundant safeguards; but they well know that no safeguard will effectively check Hindu ascendancy.

There is thus a growing movement towards composing their differences with the Hindus, and an ingratiating note in any discussion of Hindu policy which mixes ill with the lingering traces of friendship for the British connection. It may not be edifying, but it is all very human. The dilemma is always peeping out in the narrative. The Hindu extremist, for instance, insists that the Assembly should have full control over the Budget; so Sir Shafa'at obediently tells us that 'the right of the Assembly to vote supply is so restricted and circumscribed that it will be of little practical utility.'

The Hindu caucus in certain Provinces demands a larger share in the general exchequer; the Provinces, accordingly says Sir Shafa'at, 'are now left with the beggar's bowl and have to beg for alms from door to door.' In spite of many such rhetorical over-statements, the author winds up with a blessing on the new Constitution as a 'noble achievement' and 'a practical scheme based essentially on experience,' to which last phrase we can conscientiously add amen.

The book, which has some useful appendices and a good index, is remarkable for its style. The English is perfect, and the author enriches an old metaphor when he mentions a certain section of the Act as leaving 'the whole Constitution hanging like a wet blanket in the air;' he is a D. Litt. of Dublin. More distinctively Oriental imagery runs through a sentence like this: 'We see in their policy neither the climax of conflicting humors nor the splendid cancers and imposthumes of a desperate disease, but the majestic self-confidence and gnomic wisdom of statesmen.'

When Sir Shafa'at can resist such flowers of speech and his uncomfortable rope-walking feats, he writes with much sound sense. His chapter on Minorities is particularly sane; and if his co-religionists follow his counsel, the communal bitterness which is India's chief danger today may eventually disappear.

The French In Morocco

THE CONQUEST OF MOROCCO. *By Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne. London: Stanley Paul. 1936.*

(Tracy Phillips in the *Manchester Guardian*)

MARSHAL LYAUTEY was Resident General of France in Morocco from 1912 to 1925. He was not only a generous

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and great Frenchman but also a great European, not only a great European but a great man. When he published his models of colonial and political practice in his *Letters from Tonkin and from Madagascar* I took the liberty of sending anonymously a copy to every British Governor of a colony or protectorate throughout the Empire.

Admiral Usborne's history is, in effect, the history of the dozen crowning years of the life of Louis Lyautey, Marshal of France. In Morocco since his death the prophet's mantle has fallen upon the ground. The author has based his story chiefly on documents selected for him and placed at his disposal by the French Government. His spelling and interpretation of Arabic (Moorish) words leave an impression that he does not read Arabic or has been unable to gain direct from the lips of living Moroccans their version of the contemporary history of Morocco, which, after all, Moroccans too have lived and made. The abundant reminiscences, oral poetry and songs of Moroccan personalities, pastoralists and troubadours can provide us with considerable corrective sidelights on the shadow of France cast over Morocco, on the shade of Europe over Africa.

The book is clearly the result of careful study; the effort to be fair is clear. It is well written, and its parallels, examples and implications are both instructive and topical. There are two interesting passing references to Moslem republics, and a useful reminder that as lately as 1921 a modern European army of twenty thousand men was destroyed in Africa within sight of the Mediterranean by Africans in defense of their religion and independence. It is well for us that Admiral Usborne's history reminds us that Mediterranean Moslems are impulsive and whipped into convulsion by the throb of a drum, by the shrill scream of their music, by the smell of blood or powder, by the call-to-prayer against those whom they may be led passionately to believe to be enemies of their religion or of their race.

Between the lines this history shows us the individual French regular officers of the Home Army of the types of Galliéni, Weygand, Marchand and Lyautey at their best. These have ever been in Africa the first to resent and to reprove civilian cynicism and abuses.

Today the Government of France under a Jewish Prime Minister exists with Communist support. Meanwhile, as in 1905, the chief hope of Nationalist Moroccans, always violently anti-Jewish, is once again centered on anti-Jewish Germany and on the Germans so busily coöperating with the new Moorish invasion of Spain 'against Communists who so pitilessly attacked the great Moslem communities of South Russia.' Today a German is fêted in Morocco, in whose Spanish zone he may, in payment 'for services rendered,' form a numerous colony.

Paris is now more than ever concerned as to how France may gain the Moorish heart. For the 150,000 soldiers in French North Africa may not always remain available there to control the heartbeats, nor is the love of a live Lyautey any longer available to replace for France the big battalions. It is in the historic and modern material for consideration of these actual problems of today that this book is most valuable.

German America

UNSER AMERIKA. *By Colin Ross. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1937.*

(Alfons Paquet in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

CAN we believe our eyes? Our America —and not even in quotation marks? Does this express a property interest, a right? Or does it give facts that have been unknown to the German reader?

In no other case has the relationship of two peoples and two countries been more strongly guided by destiny than in the case of Germany and the United States.

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Only a short time ago President Roosevelt publicly declared that the share of the American citizen of German blood in the building of America has been much greater than that of many others—that 'it is a highlight in the history of our people.'

Colin Ross has undertaken nothing less than a new history of the United States in the light of the contribution made by Germans. The time is ripe for this approach, since it has been absent from all previous attempts. This history consists of a new kind of arrangement of known and newly-discovered facts. The German point of view which Colin Ross represents with emphasis frequently creates a picture far different from the official version which is solely guided by an Anglo-Saxon point of view. Judged from this angle the book is purely polemical. To gauge the German share more fairly the author reëxamines the history of the United States. At the same time he unrolls the background of German history, which since Luther's time has had a decisive influence on all those Germans who have had to leave their country because of their religious beliefs. With irrevocable determination millions of Germans have devoted themselves to the creation of a new fatherland across the ocean.

Colin Ross himself is a German of Anglo-Saxon extraction. He does not fail to recognize the work of the Anglo-Saxons. But he traces all exaggerated statements and all propagandistic old-school opinions back to the real facts. He declares that the German element represents more than one-fourth of the mixture in the American melting-pot. He describes the strange succession of groups and immigrants who make up the German element. The migration started during the Thirty Years' War, when it became noticeable in the colonies of New England. It won a new religious expression among the Frankish and Rhenish colonists who settled in Pennsylvania. It developed the pioneering spirit among those from the Palatinate who settled in the Hudson valley. Later on it showed up in the Middle West. It penetrated up the Mississippi, expressed itself in romantic adventure with the 'Mainz Guild of Nobles' in Texas and played an important rôle in the shaping of California and Oregon.

Colin Ross realizes the transition that has taken place in America since the World War. New strata replace the puritan strains which formerly predominated. Here one observes the influence of those many incompletely Americanized non-English immigrants who created an Americanism as genuine, passionate and self-sacrificing as that of native Americans. The German share, still recognizable in the English-speaking offspring of German immigrants, is strongest in this stratum. It is stronger even than the share of the Mexicans, the French-Canadians, the Poles and the Italians.

Colin Ross compares the failure, the confusion, the defeat of the German element in America during the World War with the real Versailles. But in America he also predicts a rebirth. He ventures to hope that Americans of German blood will come to regard themselves more clearly as such: not by founding a new organization or a new party, but in the natural community life of all who feel proud both of their German extraction and of their tie to American soil. They are not half-baked Americans; they are real Americans who have added and still are adding their share to America.

In America, too, German sometimes opposed German. Yet it seems that the feeling of a common destiny will smooth out much of the factionalism. The rôle of a great nation in its entirety has always extended beyond its borders. Colin Ross came to America for the first time twenty-five years ago as a young engineer. Since then he has constantly revisited that great country and has included the results of his many studies and his experience in his book. This clear, rich and simple work will in the future serve as one of the cornerstones of German-American literature.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

RECIPROCITY—A NATIONAL POLICY FOR FOREIGN TRADE. *By William S. Culbertson. New York: McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. 1937. 298 pages. $3.00.*

TARIFF making has been a metaphysical process of politicians, supported by interests which masquerade under the guise of upholders of the 'American standard of wages.' That the relation between tariff and wages is tenuous is well known. In fact, dissenters from the mystical craft have argued that the tariff is a device to lower the standard of living and that protected industries constitute a sort of kept class at the public expense.

Mr. Culbertson is a Republican and was formerly Vice-Chairman of the Tariff Commission. Although he appears to be fully familiar with many of the more serious defects of our tariff-making, he does not go so far as to condemn the whole system outright. While making a bow to the advocates of low tariffs, he dissociates himself from the free-traders. His book performs an extremely useful service at the present time in showing:—

(a) that Mr. Hull's reciprocity treaties are the nearest realistic approach to counteract the rampant economic nationalism; and (b) that these treaties were Republican in their inception and were carried out by the Democratic party, hence should be continued on a non-partisan basis. Both points are important and both are supported by a wealth of evidence.

Mr. Culbertson shows that in contrast to the haphazard methods of Congressional tariff-making the reciprocal trade agreements are in 'the hands of a complex organization at the peak of which stand the President of the United States and the Secretary of State, and which has as its base several hundreds of experts—chiefly tariff and commodity specialists. Within the pyramid is a carefully planned structure of inter-departmental committees through which proposals are routed in their progress from originating groups at the bottom.'

The agreements have already demonstrated their beneficence in opening trade, aiding recovery and promoting peace. But even more important to friends of international economic trade is Mr. Culbertson's sober discussion of the non-partisan nature of the reciprocity policy. The idea was conceived by Republicans but carried out by Democrats. As for economic chauvinism, the Democratic party is as guilty as the Republican. It has placed sectional and private interests in tariff-making above the interests of the country as often as the Republican party. The history of sugar tariffs is cited as an example.

The overwhelming victory of the Democratic party in the last election has brought to Congress scores of Representatives from the industrial centers. These are now placing a soft pedal on proposals to lower tariff barriers. In fact, it is not improbable that pressure from this group may turn the Democratic party into a protectionist party. It is imperative that the tariff be taken out of politics. Mr. Culbertson's realistic survey needs to be read thoughtfully by friends of low tariffs and free trade.

—BERNARD OSTROLENK

FRENCH POLICY AND DEVELOPMENTS IN INDOCHINA. *By Thomas E. Ennis. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1936. 230 pages. $3.00.*

NOW that the place of colonies in national economies is being widely discussed, the appearance of this scholarly and readable study of French experience in Southeastern Asia is most timely. Dr. Ennis, who is a professor at the University of West Virginia and who spent the years from 1924 to 1927 in the Far East, considers in turn the early French contacts with Indochina after 1625, the gradual penetration and conquest of the peninsula from 1747 to 1897, the development of French administration in the region, some economic aspects of Indochinese progress, French contributions in the fields of medicine, labor legislation, education, and the recent movements in Indochina to throw off foreign control. Throughout the volume there are interesting, if sketchy, comparisons of the British, Dutch, and French methods of empire-building, and the work is enriched by the inclusion of clear and useful statistical charts.

In the economic sphere, the author believes that the French have done much, but that

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numerous obstacles still remain to be overcome. 'Chief among these are failure to colonize Indochina, lack of interest of French skilled and unskilled labor, native indifference to modern technique, tariff maladjustments, geographic hindrances, and the effects of the world-depression upon all economic programs.' Regarding French social work, Professor Ennis maintains that 'most of the money expended and the human sacrifices entailed to bring this part of the globe nearer to the white man's way of thinking and doing is discounted today by the Indochinese and many Westerners,' Conspicuous as an exception to this, however, are French medical achievements—'the high point of French labors in Indochina.'

Dr. Ennis explains the conflict between the French industrial ('fratriarchal') philosophy and the Indochinese agricultural ('patriarchal') concepts. He believes that the two systems have never yet been synthesized, and that wherever they have clashed, industrialism has invariably subdued agriculturalism, with potential consequences to the so-called Westernized powers that have not thus far been fully recognized. 'The West should remember,' he says, 'that colonies cannot be "held" forever within the vicious circle, composed of armed force, large doses of assimilation and promises of association. The evacuation of the military . . . signifies white defeat. The policy of assimilation means native unrest. The acceptance of association spells eventually independence!'

One is a little disappointed not to find in this otherwise excellent study somewhat more emphasis on the actual inter-action between the French and the indigenous cultures. Although the subject is touched upon in most of the chapters, there is nowhere a really definite picture of the everyday life of a native of Indochina in the period preceding the French penetration nor of the manner in which this everyday mode of life has been altered by the introduction of French civilization.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

Portrait of Mexico. *By Diego Rivera and Bertram D. Wolfe. New York: Covici-Friede. 1937. 500 pages. $4.75.*

MEXICO cannot be a dull subject. Under Diego Rivera's brush, she becomes one of the most exciting lands in the world. This *Portrait of Mexico* is done half in oil and half in ink. Diego Rivera's half consists of two hundred and forty-nine reproductions of his murals in the Mexican Ministry of Education, the National Preparatory school, Chapingo, the National Palace and Cuernavaca, with a liberal selection of reproductions of privately-owned paintings. Bertram Wolfe's half is a spirited running account of the Mexican land and people, of the tragic centuries during which the Mexican people have fought for liberty, land and education, of the exploitations, the betrayals, the defeats and the successes of her Revolution. Mr. Wolfe's outline is a graphic introduction to the paintings of Mr. Rivera. It blocks in the backgrounds against which Rivera worked. Mr. Wolfe has done his part with sensitiveness and discrimination. The reading of his text, with the paintings of Diego Rivera as vivid reminders, gives one a dramatic sense of the play of the rival forces of slavery and revolt, of the dim agony and the perennial hopes of Indian Mexico. If Mr. Wolfe writes with the insistent emphasis of a convinced Marxian, well, what would one expect from so gifted an interpreter of Diego Rivera? If he interprets Dwight Morrow's work, and the present program of Cardenas as he does, again what does one expect? The reader might wish to challenge him on some of his facts, but the basic emphasis of the book is sound, no matter what may be the decision on minor details.

Of course, no reproductions of Diego Rivera's work can do more than tease people to see the originals. This book should lure thousands to Mexico.

—Hubert Herring

Mexico—a Revolution by Education. *By George I. Sanchez. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. 211 pages. $2.75.*

Mexican Interlude. *By Joseph Henry Jackson. The Macmillan Company. 1936. 232 pages. $2.50.*

MEXICO is the most enchanting and enigmatic country in the world today. It is experiencing a revolution, however slowly, that no other country has ever undergone. Almost every European country has had some kind of revolution within the last century or two; some have had more than one. But the conditions under which the present revolution in Mexico is being undertaken are unique.

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Just a short while ago, President Cardenas signed a law giving to the Mexican Government the right to expropriate all private property, a law the like of which could be passed only by a Socialist régime. At the same time, President Cardenas assured all foreign investors that he would see that their property would be unaffected by the decree. And therein lies the crux of the Mexican problem. The present Mexican Government believes in Socialism, but Socialism for the Mexicans. This would be well enough if it were not for the fact that nine-tenths of Mexico's resources are owned or controlled by foreigners.

Beneath every Mexican problem lies that contradiction. The people who back the Mexican Government today—the workers, the peasants and the lower middle class—are all for Socialism, but the people who own the resources of the nation, and who, therefore, exercise a profound control over everything that the country does, are opposed to it. As a result, promises and proclamations are made, and laws enacted, which are nullified in practice.

No better illustration of that contradiction is to be found than in the matter of Mexican Socialist education. Mexican Socialist education is everything but Socialist. It is dedicated to the destruction of illiteracy; it has developed vocational schools for the sons of peasants as well as workers; it has encouraged a whole people to lift itself, almost by its bootstraps, from a stage of ignorance to one of intelligence. But, at the same time, it has fulfilled its Socialist pretensions to only a limited extent. Although pictures of Socialist leaders adorn the walls of many of the schools, most of the teachers, as I learned from personal experience, have less of an inkling of what Socialism means than Harpo Marx has of the Marxian dialectic.

George I. Sanchez's book *Mexico—a Revolution by Education* falls short of its otherwise admirable purpose by virtue of its failure to realize that contradiction. Mr. Sanchez's descriptions of Indian and Agricultural Schools, and of the communities which they serve are picturesque as well as precise. It is only when he comes to the contemporary Socialist schools that he becomes soft-boiled and tends to be deceived by promise rather than fulfillment.

Turning away from politics and education, we meet in Joseph Jackson's book, *Mexican Interlude*, a volume which is exciting and charming from beginning to end. Mr. Jackson concerns himself with Mexico—Mexico, the country, with its magical landscapes, mysterious interiors and mystical people. He parts with the United States at Laredo; then he describes his adventures and misadventures in driving his car first to Mexico City and then about the country itself. His picture of the difficulties which he encountered in traversing the road from Monterey to Mexico City is one of the most thrilling pieces of travel writing I have read in years. To all those who contended with that road in the old days before it was officially completed, Mr. Jackson's description of his experiences just before he reached the village of Jacala will prove priceless.

Mr. Jackson is content to revel in what the Mexican people are, what they do, in the hope of making his readers appreciate the fact that the Mexican people are like no other people in the world. In that sense his book is a glorified travel guide which no one who plans to go to Mexico can afford to neglect.

—V. F. Calverton

Life and Death: The Autobiography of a Surgeon. *By Andrea Majocchi. Translated by Wallace Brockway. New York: Knight Publications. 1937. 342 pages. $2.75.*

THIS autobiography of a leading Italian surgeon, for many years director of the largest Italian hospital in the largest Italian city, is also a history of modern surgery.

Dr. Majocchi, the son of a physician who died as a result of an infection, showed in early youth unusual talent for music and foreign languages. However, when the time came to choose a career he followed in his father's footsteps. His first lesson of anatomy left him unable to eat meat for a fortnight; he suffered as though obliged to eat corpses. After graduation from medical school his enthusiasm for the practice of medicine was somewhat quenched by the difficulty of securing a position and the humble tasks to which he was assigned when he found one. But one of his professors had told him: 'The highest wisdom of man is knowing how to wait.' So he waited.

The struggle for existence ended with his appointment to the Milan Obstetrical Station. Day and night, he risked his life fulfilling his duties in city slums, houses of prostitution, prisons and once in a circus where a pregnant snake-charmer had been crushed in the embrace of a boa-constrictor. His reward finally

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came: the possibility of dedicating himself completely to what had been his obsessing passion: surgery, the 'science and art divine;' traveling fellowships to study in European capitals, a long sojourn in the United States, and then appointment to the chair of symptomatic surgery in the Universitas Studiorum of Milan, the foremost institute of pathological anatomy of the world.

The layman who may not think himself interested in the recent developments of surgery will nevertheless find the reading of this book very absorbing because the various case histories, always dealing with life and death, reveal the very human inner feelings of the surgeon, who is so often depicted as having a heart of stone. And he will also be interested in this great surgeon's attitude toward professional secrecy, the miracles of Lourdes, the accuracy of diagnosis, therapeutic abortion, duels, etc. Dr. Majocchi's lucid discussion of these problems, and his objective outlook on his own career give the book a special human appeal, make it more than the autobiography of a surgeon. It is the autobiography of *the* surgeon.

—Michele Cantarella

I Will Not Rest. *By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by K. S. Shelvankar. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1937. 320 pages. $2.25.*

TWO-THIRDS of this collection consists of articles, letters and appeals written by Romain Rolland over a period of fifteen years, from the famous *Declaration of Independence of Thought* (March 16, 1919) to *Greetings to the Spanish Revolution* (November 4, 1934). In reality, however, these pieces serve rather as documentation for the Prologue and the admirable first chapter, 'Panorama,' in which the author traces his post-War evolution.

'It is frightfully difficult,' he writes, 'for an intellectual to renounce his imaginary treasure.' For Rolland it must have been particularly difficult. He was past fifty. His background was bourgeois and academic. He had built the literary work of a lifetime on the conceptions of free conscience, free speech and supremacy of thought, only to find them empty phrases and to set out tardily in 'search after living ideas.' The essays represent milestones on the journey that led him eventually to Communism. The courage and integrity of this quest have perhaps done more than all his plays and novels to make Rolland a world figure, respected even by his political opponents. *I Will Not Rest* has a deeper interest than the record of the struggle of one man, however eminent, because the problem which he faced and solved is one that every liberal and intellectual must also face and solve.

—D'Elbert Keenan

The Shipbuilders. *By George Blake. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1936. 342 pages. $2.50.*

AT FIRST it is hard to tell just what Mr. Blake is driving at in this oddly unequal novel, with its blend of realism, triteness and sentimentality. He is far more at ease with his scrawny, hard-bitten, football-loving, dram-and-pint-taking Glasgow riveter than with the shipbuilding aristocracy whose virtues and manners he celebrates with so much effort, and, I fear, so little verisimilitude. In this tale the lower classes ring true; but the nobs are all out of the *Family Herald Supplement, circa* 1900. He has evidently really known people like little Danny Shields; he and his family and surroundings come to life.

The annoying thing is that this narrative doesn't get anywhere. Sometimes it seems as though it will, and now and again we turn a page of *The Shipbuilders* thinking that at last something is to be said, that Mr. Blake is not merely going on to show us what is wrong with the decaying Clyde, but is about to tell us why things are in such an appalling mess, and what ways out of it there may be, or at least drop a friendly hint on a matter to which he must have given some thought. But no: we are disappointed to the very end. Mr. Blake does go so far as to recognize Glasgow as 'a city that has had its day; a city built on exhausted coal-beds and empty shipyards,' but immediately we are back again with the nobility of the owners and the sterling virtues of the toilers. This wouldn't be so bad if he had limited himself to the painting of his picture; but Mr. Blake seems to have felt that he had to do rather more than that, and so, as we close his book, we are left with the thought that the sole hope for the populations of Great Britain's depressed areas is to stay strictly and humbly within their own class, pulling together with their betters (at a respectful distance) for 'Eton, Sandhurst, and the British Empire.'

—Henry Bennett

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE English-Speaking Union, which has thirty-four branches and 15,000 members in the United States, opened its new national headquarters at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, with a formal reception on April 8th. The guest of honor was Lord Elton, who spoke on Anglo-American relations, as did the President of the Union, the Honorable John W. Davis, former Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

A Coronation Banquet will be held under the sponsorship of the Union at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City on May 12th, only a few hours after the impressive ceremonies in Westminster Abbey. Dr. John H. Finley will preside and the British Empire's spokesman will be Sir Gerald Campbell, the British Consul General. Mr. Davis will speak for the United States. More than a thousand guests are expected, and anyone who desires to make reservations ($6 a plate) should communicate directly with the Union.

We are informed by an official of the Union that both the National and the Columbia Broadcasting Companies will cover the Coronation program. The former will broadcast continuously over both its networks from 5 o'clock A.M. until 10:45 A.M., while the Columbia System will go on the air at 5:45 A.M. The procession in London is scheduled to reach the Abbey at 11:00 o'clock, or 6 o'clock A.M. Eastern Standard Time.

A 'NO Foreign War' Crusade by the Emergency Peace Campaign (National Headquarters at 20 S. Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.) was begun on April 6th with broadcasts from the White House by Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Honorary Chairman, and Mrs. Roosevelt. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Chairman, spoke from New York City. During April and May speakers associated with the Crusade are to visit some 2,000 communities throughout the United States. An outline of the program of the Emergency Peace Campaign was given in this department in the March issue of THE LIVING AGE.

COÖPERATING with the Emergency Peace Campaign in its 'No Foreign War' drive is Dr. Raymond Leslie Buell, President of the Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City). Dr. Buell left New York City on April 8th to address meetings organized by the E. P. C. at Cincinnati, Emporia, Kansas, and on the Pacific Coast at Pasadena, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Berkeley, Oakland, San Francisco, San José, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle.

THE Seventh Anniversary of Pan-American Day was celebrated more widely and enthusiastically on April 14th than at any time since the day was set apart in 1930. Besides the formal ceremonies that took place at Washington and other capitals, the Pan-American Union (Headquarters at Washington, D. C.) reports that more than 10,000 groups throughout the Americas, half of them in the United States, observed the anniversary.

THE Catholic Association for International Peace (1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.) has issued three interesting pamphlets. The first, by Dr. Charles G. Fenwick, President of the C.A.I.P., is *A Primer of Peace* and is in the unusual form of a catechism; the second, *A Papal Peace Mosaic, 1878–1936*, includes excerpts from the messages of the Popes on peace; the third, *Arbitration and the World Court*, surveys that important question and reprints the chief documents.

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THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

famous Englishmen who found that their genius was not a marketable commodity and were forced to appeal for wretched pensions of from $125 to $600 a year from the Civil List in order to live. [p. 216]

RUMORS that religion is gaining ground in Soviet Russia have been persistent in recent months; so we offer two articles on the subject, one by an English investigator [p. 219] and one by a Communist party-member who exhibits genuine alarm about the activity of 'religionists.' [p. 221]

ALDO PALAZZESCHI, whose short story, 'Pochini and Tamburini,' we have translated, is a brilliant young Italian novelist and poet who is also regarded as one of the Continent's greatest masters of the short short-story form. There is about 'Pochini and Tamburini' the sculptured quality of one of de Maupassant's masterpieces. [p. 224]

IN A world that is torn between the Communist and Fascist Internationals it is well to remember that the original 'International' was the Roman Catholic Church. Today the Holy See struggles against tremendous odds. According to the anonymous writer of 'The Catholic International,' which we have translated from the National Socialist magazine, *Die Tat*, the Church is now trying to find a political escape from its political enemies and is creating new weapons with which to defend its interests. [p. 237]

MAJOR E. W. Polson Newman, author of our first article on Italy, describes the significant revival in national morale which has resulted from the conquest in East Africa, and discusses Mediterranean politics from the British imperialist viewpoint. [p. 243] Major Polson Newman's favorable view of Italy is not shared by Antonin Poggio, who, in the second article, finds something rotten in the state of Italian finances. [p. 248]

DR. HU SHIH, whose name is familiar to readers of THE LIVING AGE, is one of the eminent Chinese who have recently made an obvious effort to convince the world, their countrymen and perhaps themselves that the Chinese race is not inferior. Last month we reprinted an article on this subject by the statesman, Sun Fo. In this issue, Dr. Hu Shih carries the argument further in an attempt to prove that *real* modernization has proceeded much farther in China than in Japan. [p. 251]

NEARLY a century ago Rouget de Lisle composed a 'Song of Flame,' *La Marseillaise*, to the strains of which the armies of the First Republic marched to death and glory. Time has softened the fervor of that great song, but there are three true 'Songs of Flame' today: the *Horst Wessel Lied* of the Nazi Storm Troops, *La Giovinezza* of the Fascist legions and the *Internationale* of the world's Communists. As many of our readers may be interested to know the words of these battle songs from the Right and Left of civilization, we give the *Horst Wessel Lied* in German and English, *La Giovinezza* in Italian and English and the *Internationale* in English alone, although it is sung in many languages. [p. 256]

THREE fine short pieces come under the title 'Abbey, Moor and Sea.' E. M. Forster, the author of *A Passage to India*, sees the British Coronation in a dream [p. 258]; a steward on the *Queen Mary* describes a crossing [p. 260]; Allan Fraser, a literary sheep-raiser of the Scottish highlands, discovers that his doughty neighbors resent newfangled ideas. [p. 263]

THIS month's 'Persons' are Sir Henri Deterding, the oil magnate [p. 228]; the

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Emir Abdullah of Transjordania, who hopes to become King of Palestine [p. 231]; and Roswitha Bitterlich, 'The Viennese Prodigy,' a seventeen-year-old painter of extraordinary talent, whose work is appraised by Klaus Mann. [p. 234]

'LIVES of great men oft remind us' that many of them suffer literary mayhem at the hands of poor Boswells. Mr. Harold Nicolson, whose fine life of Lord Curzon established him as a master of the difficult biographer's art, discusses the question of what is good, and what is bad, biography, in our department of 'Letters and the Arts.' [p. 265]

OUR foreign reviewers for this month are Marcel Brion, a well known Provençal novelist and historian; Christopher Sykes, a book critic of the London *Spectator;* Lord Meston, specialist on Indian affairs and a former Lieutenant Governor in the United Provinces in India; Tracy Phillips, an author of many books on Near East and a fellow on the Royal Geographic Society and Alfons Paquet, a German novelist and critic.

OUR own book reviewers include Bernard Ostrolenk, a member of the Department of Economics at the City College of New York who was formerly on the editorial boards of the *Annalist* and the *Business Week* and is the author of many books on American economic and financial problems; Walter Consuelo Langsam, professor of modern European history at Columbia University; Hubert Herring, executive director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America; V. F. Calverton, editor of the *Modern Monthly;* Michele Cantarella, professor of Italian at Smith College; D'Elbert Keenan, professor of French at New York University; and Henry Bennett, free-lance writer and reviewer.

New Books

Especially selected as of greatest interest to LIVING AGE readers.

Introductory Lecture of 1892

by A. E. Housman

The noted "Lecture on the Pursuit of Knowledge" is now made generally available for the first time. In it Housman seeks to settle the rival claims of Science and Humane Letters. Replete with his dry wit and chuckling sarcasm, this is a worthy companion-piece to his "The Name and Nature of Poetry." $1.00

YOGA: A Scientific Evaluation

by K. T. Behanan

A subject which for centuries has fascinated the keenest minds is here for the first time fully and clearly described and appraised from the standpoint of science, and in the perspective of Western culture. Detailed descriptions are given of the various exercises and practices of Yoga, and of experiments in them at Yale laboratory. $2.50

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